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## BOLD HOLD-UP AT PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

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THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price 10 Cents.

THIS WEEK—J. B. KNIPE, AMATEUR HEAVYWEIGHT PUGILIST



CHORUS GIRLS PLAY WATER POLO.

THEATRICAL MERMAIDS PUT UP A RATTLING CONTEST AT LONG BRANCH, N. J.





RICHARD K. FOX  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

FOR NEW DRINKS SEE THE POLICE GAZETTE—NO OTHER PAPER PUBLISHES THEM

## ARTISTIC COMEDIANS

—BRIEF ITEMS ABOUT THE ENTERTAINERS—

## CLEVER COMEDIENNES

Interesting Paragraphs About the People Who Are on the Bills  
of the Continuous and Variety Theatres.

### "AL" NORTON, MOST POPULAR OF DUTCH COMEDIANS.

Overheated Amusement Lovers Are Enjoying Themselves on the Roof Gardens  
Where Drinks and Jests Go Well Together.

Park Theatre, Chicago, Ill., "Dan" McGinty, proprietor; Chas. Murphy, manager; "Al" Norton, stage manager.—Bill for last week was headed by the popular Dutch comedian, "Al" Norton, Fiske and May, Myrtle Davenport, the Malcombs, Ray Vernon, Butterworth Sisters, and the closing burlesque, under the direction of "Al" Norton, entitled "Chicago Upside Down."

The old Savoy Theatre, Chicago, has been remodeled from top to bottom and will soon be opened by "Tom" Miaco, of burlesque fame, as a first-class burlesque house, and when completed will be the prettiest theatre in the city, playing nothing but the finest.

Robie and Dinkins have engaged the following people for The Utopians: Bryce and Inman, the Three Gardners, Barton and Ashley, Three Lane Sisters, James C. Flynn, Marie Richmond, Ada Lane, Ruby Raymond, Kitty Thornton, Kitty Evans, Estella Kinton, Marie St. Clair, May Holly, Maggie Cobbin, Ristori Jefferson, May Sylvester, May Norman, Frank

He calls himself "the pocket edition of Andrew Mack."

Mr. "Joe" Norton is now engaged as ticket taker at the Park Theatre, Chicago.

Gardner and Gilmore are making hay—real hay—at Linwood, N. J. They will make the other kind of hay—financial—on Aug. 28.

Abbott Davison ("old Sport Davie"), comedian and baritone, late of "Joe" Ott's company, is



Wooling Neptune on the Float Off the Beach at Long Branch.

Patterson and others. For The Knickerbockers they have signed "Al" Grant, Rosalie, "Bert" Leslie, Sophie Erbs, Armstrong Brothers, Le Moyne Brothers, Wright Sisters, Lizzie Goodwin, John Pistorio, Charles Smith and a chorus of fourteen young women.

Mamie and Babe Gray are playing a two weeks' engagement in Milwaukee.

Business at the Chicago parks continues good, and playing good attractions.

Louis Powers has severed all connection with the Troubadour Four and the Broadway Trio, and in future will work alone, singing descriptive songs.

### ALL THE COMPLETE RECORDS

Of sports of every kind up to December 31, 1899, will be found in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. Price, 10 cents each. All new dealers or mailed direct from this office.

ment of A. B. Van Keuren. Large crowds are attracted to the boat on warm evenings.

Madam Cordelia, dancing tight rope artist, is busily engaged playing the parks in Chicago.

Wills and Barron, after playing four weeks at the summer parks through New England, are back in New York.

"Tony" Pearl, of Hiatt and Pearl, is working alone for a few weeks, on account of the indisposition of his partner.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robyns will rest for a few weeks at Atlantic City. Their time is nearly all filled for next season.

"Bert" Marshall was made a member of Mount Vernon Lodge, B. P. O. E., while playing at Hamilton Park recently.

Kelly and Roe have just finished a five weeks' engagement at North Beach, N. Y., in their new act, "Uneda Biscuit."

"Jess" Dandy, the Hebrew impersonator, was the hit of the show at the American Roof Garden during his recent appearance there.

John T. Hanson and Mabel Drew have a new act in preparation, written for them by George Emerick, which they expect to produce shortly.

Horace E. Vine has just finished a new sketch, called "Her First Rehearsal," which he will produce in vaudeville early in September, supported by a well-known actress. Mr. Vine's wife, Lois Mier, has retired from the stage temporarily on account of ill health.

Barnes and Sisson and Mabel Sisson's mother, Mrs. J. C. Gilman, and her sister, Jessie Gilman, have joined Ida and William Morello, at Mt. Clemens, for the Summer.

The Empire Comedy Four, consisting of William Cooley, Louis A. Hamer, Clarence R. Wilbur and William Fuller, closed an eight weeks' term in St. Louis on Saturday, and immediately signed with Bryant and Watson's Australian Beauties Burlesque Company.

Margaret Rosa and Vera Marie are doing the old act assisted by the Dutch picks. Miss Rosa has received some flattering press notices for her clever interpretation of the wench.

Mabel Dixey, who appeared at Keith's here with Harry Woodruff, was presented with a handsome ruby and diamond ring at a dinner given in her honor at the Country Club, Philadelphia.

T. J. Farron is pasting his Minerva Park, Columbus, O., press notices in a book. They are great.

Mr. "Dan" Sherman, team of Sherman and Morrissey, has taken the management of Hillinger's

Park, Chicago, playing nothing but the cream of vaudeville.

George H. and James R. Adams have made the hit of their lives at the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, in a new production of "Humpty Dumpty."

The operatic baritone, Charles J. Baguley, will sing "The Arab's Bride," with the Gypsy Quartette, as chief of the band, during the coming season.

Edna Aug has returned to New York after a very successful Western tour of the vaudeville houses, including the Orpheum circuit. She had a very pleasant time and made many new friends.

Hattie Starr and George Poole are no longer partners in the illustrated song specialty. Miss Starr has decided to discontinue using stereopticon pictures.

Frank Whitman, the dancing violinist, is now in his fourth month at the New York Theatre with "The Man in the Moon," in which he has made a big hit.

"Junie" McCree and "Matt" Travers left San Francisco for New York on July 24. Both will be members of Weber's Dainty Duchess Company.

### WOMAN AND HER LOVERS

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# PRETTY GIRL FOUND DEAD

AND THE MANNER OF HER DEATH LEAVES

## A MYSTERY TO UNRAVEL

Found Dying on a Lonely Street in Camden, N. J., She Was Taken to the Nearest Hospital, Where She Expired.

WAS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE WHICH ENDED HER LIFE?

Although There Was No Apparent Reason for Her to Suicide, Yet an Empty Carboic Acid Bottle Found by Her Side Looks Suspicious.

The sensation of the day at Camden, N. J., is the mysterious death of a pretty eighteen-year-old girl under what seems to be remarkable circumstances. There were many reasons why she should have lived and none, apparently, that would have caused her to take her own life.

But she is dead, and in dying has become the head and centre of a mystery that is not easily explained. The police story of her death makes it plain, commonplace suicide—a bottle of carboic acid, that most ordinary of poisons, a quiet spot on a secluded street, one hasty draught of the deadly poison, and then, the end.

The police would have it that this bright, fair young woman, with just a moment's premeditation, saw fit to pass from life to death by her own hand, but there are many incidents to which this theory may not readily be fitted—a belief among those nearest and dearest to her, that the hand of another may have had some active part in leading her to the fatal step.

The mystery is dark, and there are threads leading from it in many directions.

The early years of this central figure in a tragedy were passed with her parents at Norristown, Pa., and there she lived until her parents separated and her mother sought a divorce. The girl sided with her mother in the quarrel.

The mother wedded a second time, and the family lived on as contentedly as ever before. But the child was passing into womanhood, and the time came when she tired of idleness and sought to make her way in the world. She went to Camden and obtained a position.

Her thoughts were still of her parents, however, and a few months ago she induced them to go to Camden, too, that she might have them with her. Although she did not live with them she spent much of her time at their house, and seemed happiest when with them.

They never saw anything to indicate she had formed any entanglements, or that there was anything to disturb the calm of her mind.

The little family had one of their customary reunions one evening recently. The girl seemed to be in the best of spirits, and chatted gayly about her plans for the future. From her modest income she had been able to do many things for her mother, and promised many more.

There was no suspicion, no trace of any thing unusual to come.

"I shall do some shopping for you, mother, on Thursday," she said, just before taking her leave, "and I shall surely be here with you again that evening."

The stepfather accompanied her from the house, intending to escort her only as far as the car, which would convey her to her home. There was just a little surprise in store for him.

"We had not gone far from the house," he says, "when a young man, whom I had never seen before, stepped up to her and said something which I could not hear. As she seemed to know him, I stepped back in order that they might continue their conversation without interruption."

The father thus had a good opportunity to study the stranger, and he has been able to give a good description of him, which may lead to his identification.

"He was about thirty years old," he says, "and was dapperly dressed. His complexion was light and he wore a sandy mustache. He had on a gray suit and a brown Fedora hat."

The stepfather waited awhile, watching the two. Then he excused himself, saying he would return home, and would leave them to themselves. It was the last time he ever saw his stepdaughter alive.

No one knows when, where or under what circumstances the stranger parted from the girl. He was not with her when she reached her boarding-house. He appears in none of the incidents that followed. His abrupt coming and his unexplained going simply add to the mystery.

She did not remain long at the boarding house, not more than a few minutes the landlady says. She announced that she was going to leave the house, and went up stairs to change her dress. There was nothing unwonted in her demeanor, nothing unusual in her actions. She seemed to be as happy as ever before.

Yet in a very short time she was found dying on the sidewalk. If the unknown man had been with her between the time she left her boarding house and the hour when she took the fatal draught no witnesses of their meeting have thus far appeared.

The action of the poison was so rapid that she was unconscious when a man, who had seen her fall, reached her side. The lips that might have explained everything were closed, never to be opened again, for she died soon after reaching the hospital. There

were no letters in her pocket, and none in the room she had just left. The mystery was complete.

On the sidewalk near where she had fallen there was found a bottle that had contained the acid. The premeditated destruction of any clue was shown by the mutilated label on the bottle, the name of the dispensing druggist having been effaced. Blown into the back of the bottle was the name of another druggist, who denies having sold the acid. It remains, therefore, for the police to trace the sale.

The girl's mother believes that in this search will be found other traces of the strange man who was seen in her company.

"It is impossible for me to believe that she killed herself without being driven to it," is what the mother said the other night. "There was no reason for her to die, and every reason for her to live. This man, whoever he is, has had some hand in this matter, and I shall never be satisfied until he is found."

### CHORUS GIRLS PLAY WATER POLO.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There has been all kinds of rivalry between the good-looking and shapely chorus girls in "The Rounders" at the Casino, and in the "Man in the Moon" at the New York Theatre, and it resulted recently in a



She Was Found Dying Alone in the Street.

challenge to a game of water polo at Long Branch, N. J. Two teams were selected and captains chosen. When the game came off there was an enthusiastic crowd of rooters on hand to cheer their respective favorites on to victory.

From start to finish it was a hot contest, but "The Moons" finally won by a score of 4 to 5. There will be a return match shortly.

Send in personal paragraphs for the bartenders column.

### POWERS AND TRADO.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Mr. Rodney Powers and Miss May Trado are two of the cleverest cake-walkers who have ever appeared in a public exhibition. They are both good walkers and have yet to be beaten in a fair competition.

### BRANDON AND REGENE.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Harry Brandon is thirty-three years of age. He entered the theatrical profession in 1880, doing a black-face specialty with his brother, Wm. Brandon. In 1884 they dissolved partnership and he traveled through the West India Islands with Hall's circus. In 1886 he formed a partnership with the Kenard

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Brothers, doing a comedy acrobatic specialty until 1891. In that year he was married to Miss Regene Kleemann. They played vaudeville theatres under the name of Brandon and Regene. They joined Barnum and Bailey's circus in 1896 and made a tour through England with that show in 1898. After a tour of Germany they returned to the United States the 18th of March of the present year and are now playing the principal vaudeville theatres in America.

### A BRITISH SOLDIER WRITES.

Company A,  
First West Yorks Regiment,  
Hyderabad Sind, India.

Mr. Richard K. Fox—Dear Sir: I have the POLICE GAZETTE sent to me every week, and I may say that for the accuracy of the sporting news and the excellence of the half-tone pictures it has no equal. I have the honor to be yours, etc.,  
A. STAPLES.

### HOLBEIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Montague A. Holbein is a long-distance bicycle racer but occasionally he varies the monotony of riding a wheel by indulging in water sports, at which he is eminently distinguished. On July 26 he swam from Blackwall to Gravesend, Eng., and return, a distance of 43 miles, in 12 hours 27 minutes and 42½ seconds, breaking all records for the distance.

At one time Holbein held the bicycle record from Lands End to John o' Groats, a ride of almost 900 miles, which G. P. Mills subsequently broke. Holbein

## TRAGIC DEATH

WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS

## OF AN AERONAUT

Fatality Marks the Opening of a Summer Resort.

## PARACHUTE FAILED TO WORK

The Daring Man Fell in a Lake and His Body Sank Like a Stone.

Thousands of persons gathered to celebrate the opening of Findley Lake, a popular resort in New York State, witnessed a tragedy the other day they will not soon forget, when they saw Frank Reynolds, an aeronaut of Ripley, fall 3,000 feet with his parachute into the waters of the lake.

The balloon ascension had been well advertised by the managers of the enterprise, and every train from Corry, Jamestown, Mayville and the surrounding towns brought in thousands of excursionists. By 4 o'clock, when the ascension was to be made, the village was crowded.

In the afternoon there was a strong in-shore breeze from Lake Erie, and many wise persons advised Reynolds to postpone the balloon ascension to another day. This he was loath to do, as he did not wish to disappoint the crowd of spectators, but Reynolds finally was persuaded to wait until later in the afternoon, when it was thought the wind would fall.

The aeronaut waited half an hour, and then he said he would keep the spectators waiting no longer. Several persons had made remarks reflecting on his nerve, and he was determined to make the ascent as he had planned.

In the crowd gathered were Reynolds' wife and daughter, and before starting on the perilous voyage he kissed them and assured them that he would return to the ground in safety.

The giant airship was cut loose, and in a few minutes was hundreds of feet above the earth. It went up steadily until some upper air current was seen to strike the balloon, and it began to drift toward the lake.

Reynolds appeared to lose his head, and when at a height of 3,000 feet it was noticed that he was working to get the parachute loose from its fastenings. That something dreadful was about to happen seemed to fill the minds of all.

Reynolds released the parachute, and as it shot down for nearly 2,000 feet before opening out there was a cry of horror from the spectators. It looked as if the aeronaut would be dashed to death on the shore of the lake because of his parachute failing to work.

When only 1,000 feet from the earth the immense, umbrella-like affair opened out slowly, but this only seemed to make it worse for Reynolds. The wind blowing in from the lake caught the parachute, and quickly it was carried half way across Findley Lake.

Men started for boats, 200 feet away, in the hope of saving Reynolds' life, but before they could be put out into the water the aeronaut had struck the water.

He alighted on his chest and stomach with a resounding splash, and sank, the water being ninety feet deep at the point where he struck.

### "JACK" McCLELLAND.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Jack" McClelland is the pugilistic pride of Pittsburg, Pa. He is anxious to fight Oscar Gardner at 126 pounds, but the latter, for some reason, has repeatedly declined the issue. McClelland is under the managerial direction of "Buck" Connolly, who was long identified in a managerial capacity with Peter Maher.

### "JOE" B. WESTWICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every sporting man who ever visited Mt. Clemens knows "Joe" Westwick, the rubber. He is an expert masseur, and in that capacity has attended such famous men as John L. Sullivan, "Jim" Corbett, "Tom" Sharkey, "Kid" Lavigne, "Kid" McPartland and other illustrious lights of the athletic arena. He has won all the prizes ever given at Mt. Clemens for proficiency and skill as a massage expert, and "Florry" Sullivan, "of the Bowery," says he will wager \$10,000 that he will defeat any professional rubber in the world. "Joe" is located at the Avery House, where his services are always in demand.

### THE BEST REFERENCE BOOKS

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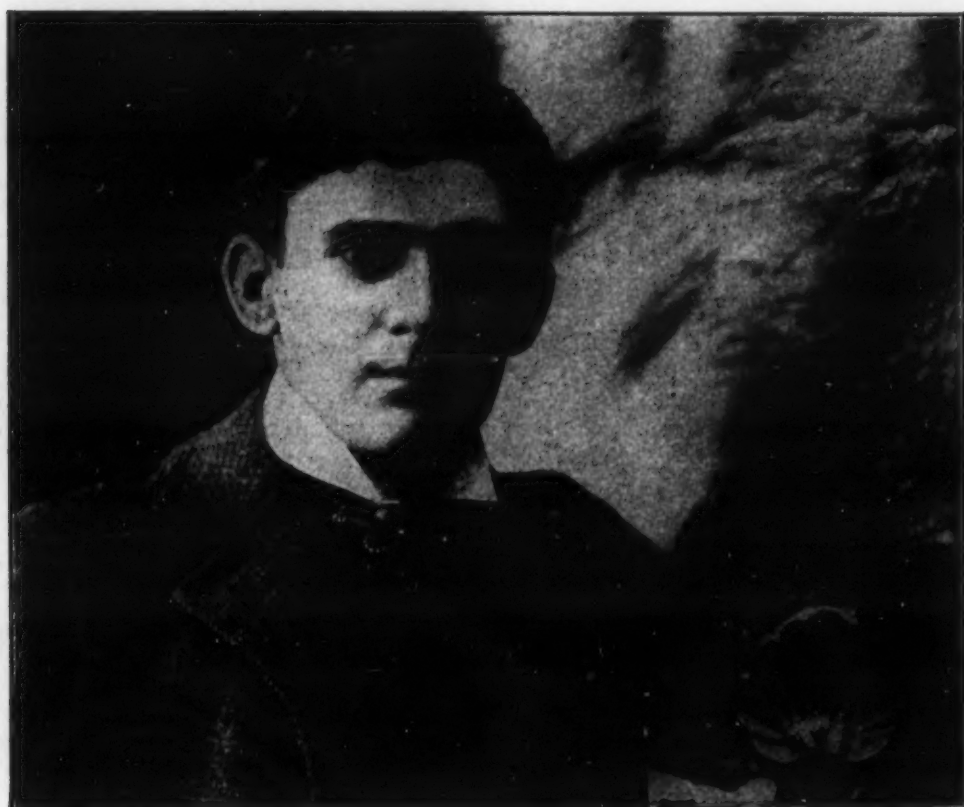
BRANDON AND REGENE.

A TEAM OF WELL-KNOWN ACROBATIC MARVELS WHO ARE NOW ATTRACTING ATTENTION ON THE VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT.



"ALF" HOLT.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MIMIC AND WHISTLING COMEDIAN.



MR. DE HOLLIS.

ECCENTRIC COMEDY JUGGLER, CONCEDED TO BE ONE OF THE BEST NOW BEFORE THE PUBLIC.



MISS VALORA.

BRIGHT AND CHARMING PARTNER OF MR. DE HOLLIS AND A REMARKABLY TALENTED PERFORMER.



POWERS AND TRADO.

PARTICULARLY CLEVER TEAM OF CAKE WALKERS, WHO ARE IN DEMAND.



DAN AND DOLLY MANN.

TWO CHARACTER ARTISTS WHO HAVE MADE BOTH REPUTATION AND MONEY IMPERSONATING OUR RURAL COUSINS.





CHARLES J. GUMDEROTH.  
BRIGHT NEWSBOY OF MILWAUKEE WIS.



H. KRASOROSKI.  
A POPULAR WAITER OF NEWARK, N. J.



RICHARD SALTER.  
HUSTLING BOOTBLACK OF DENISON, TEX.



PULLED HER OFF THE WHEEL.  
PRETTY BICYCLIST GETS A SEVERE DRUBBING FROM AN ANGRY WOMAN AT MT. CLEMENS, MICH.



# UNREQUITED AFFECTION

AND A BOY'S INSANE LOVE FOR A SCHOOLGIRL

## MEANT DEATH FOR TWO

Begged Her to Take a Last Ride With Him, and She Went, Not Knowing it Would be the Last One on Earth.

PARENTS SAID SHE WAS TOO YOUNG TO MARRY.

When the Rash Youth Saw What He Had Done He Turned His Revolver on Himself and Inflicted Wounds That Proved Fatal.

The dramatic killing last week at Mason City, Mo., of a pretty girl by her lover, and his subsequent suicide, unfolds a tale of unrequited love that is worthy of a novel. Both of the principals were of tender age. The youth was the son of a well-to-do farmer, and his sweetheart was a town-bred girl of great beauty. Although but seventeen years old the young man was six feet tall and a finely built fellow. They had been schoolmates and he had shown the girl every attention which a school lover could bestow upon the one of his choice.

A year and a half ago he left his father's farm to go further West in search of his fortune. He bade goodbye to the girl and said he would come back to her when his prospects were better. He went first to Juana, Neb., where he worked until the war broke out and the government called for volunteers to go to the front.

He lost no time in enlisting. He went to the Presidio in San Francisco with his regiment and there fell ill.

In the camp hospital the surgeons shook their heads gravely and said his parents would best be notified, and when the message came flashing over the wire to the father that his boy had gone for a soldier and was lying close to death in the camp he hurried across the continent to aid him. He cared for him and when he was strong enough to be moved he obtained an honorable discharge.

And so the boy came back, and he sought out his old sweetheart. She was still heart-free and he told himself that it was for him she had waited.

His father then bought a grain elevator in Mason and the son was stationed there. His suit for the hand of the young girl became pressing. Her parents objected to her marrying so young.

He proposed an elopement, but his fiancée wished to obey her mother. He was forbidden the house, but last week she received a note from her lover. He begged her to fly with him that evening. He said he had made his plans and the time was come to make a decisive move. The girl, frightened almost by the impetuosity of his appeal, destroyed the note and went to a lawn party on the east side of the town. When he found she wasn't home he drove to the lawn fete.

When he arrived there he saw his sweetheart on the lawn. He did not dismount.

She came across the smooth lawn with a smile on her lips.

"Did you get my note?" he asked.

"Yes, I got it."

"Well," said the boy, nervously, "what is your answer?"

"There is no answer," said she, attempting to be gay, but the laugh she strove to call up died on her lips.

"Come and take a ride with me," he said.

"Drive over to the house and I'll ask my mother," she said. "If she is willing I'll be glad to go."

She stepped into the buggy and he drove directly to her home, where he asked the mother to allow her daughter to accompany him for a short drive. He pleaded that he was going to St. Louis in a day or two, and would see her no more for a long time, if, indeed, he ever saw her again. He declared his plans were completed for his departure and he wanted one last talk. The appeal was a winning one, and the mother relented and said the girl might go.

Nearly two hours later a young man, loitering leisurely home, stopped at a street crossing in the outskirts of the town to allow a buggy to pass. With idle curiosity he glanced under the hood of the vehicle to discover whether it contained a friend whom he might give a parting salutation, and when the rig was close enough for him to recognize its occupant he saw that it was the farmer's son. At the same instant the occupant leaned forward to see who was standing on the crossing, and called feebly:

"Come and help me."

In an instant he divined that something was wrong; that his friend was ill, or had been thrown from the rig and hurt, and he jumped into the buggy.

"What is it?" he asked. "What's the matter, old man?"

"I'm dying," said the lover to the startled boy.

"Drive me to the doctor's. I've shot myself."

Horrified beyond measure, the friend gave the horse a cut of the whip that sent it flying toward the doctor's office, and at the same time he turned again to his companion. He asked in a dozen ways what was the matter, how it occurred, why he shot himself and all the other questions which sprang to his lips as his confused

brain tried to grasp the full horror of the situation. The wounded youth leaned limply against him and finally said:

"Down by the cemetery—you'll find it. The gun—and something—else that'll explain—everything. Get me to—the doctor—quick."

The doctor was hastily aroused, and when the sinking lad was stretched upon the operating table the

with his left arm encircling her waist as they walked slowly toward the cemetery gate, the weapon exploded, and the ball passed clear through her body and into his encircling arm behind her. Panic-stricken and frenzied at what he had done, he fired at her again, not half knowing the deed he was committing. She had turned to fly from him when she saw the revolver and heard his desperate words, and at the instant she was shot. As she continued to run forward he fired again and the girl fell prone, to sob out her life upon the grass close to the city of the dead.

He strove to die at once beside his sweetheart, and he placed the revolver to his head and fired. He scarce knew what he did in that awful moment. His strength was just sufficient to enable him to climb into his buggy, standing in the roadway near at hand, and the horse took up the familiar way home without a guiding rein, leaving the dead girl where she had fallen.

### "TOM" PERRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Tom" Perry is well known in Troy, N. Y., as the proprietor of the Central House, a famous sporting resort. "Tom" is interested in boxing, too, and always has a fighter or two on his staff. The most recent acquisition to his stable is "Jack" Doyle of Brooklyn, N. Y., a promising little fellow who, not long ago, defeated George Munroe. Perry is one of the most popular sporting men in the East, and the Central House is deservedly famous for the entertainment it gives to visitors from out of town.

### "DAN" AND "DOLLY" MANN.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

"Dan," who is popularly known as "Danny," is one of the brightest and most popular comedians on the American stage. He has been called the Mansfield of



According to His Story the Weapon Was Accidentally Discharged.

cruel bullet holes and the jets of blood told their story all too well. He had little time for this world. There was a small wound in his chest and another in his left forearm.

He lapsed into unconsciousness. Until he had been cured for his friend had forgotten the strange message about the revolver down by the cemetery gate, and, indeed, it bore little significance, but he determined to look for it. Summoning a few friends, he hurried down the country road leading out of the town over which the carriage had come home with its pitiful burden, and in a few minutes the gleaming marbles of the little graveyard and its white gateway were in sight.

With two or three lanterns to aid them the men made their way over the grass near the cemetery gate, searching for the revolver, until one of them made the awful discovery which explained everything. Prone on the grass, which was dyed by her life's blood, lay the girl, and she was dead. Her arms were outstretched as though she had fallen while in flight, and beneath one of her hands lay the revolver, with every chamber empty.

He told his brother many times before he died that the first shot was an accident. That he had not intended to kill the girl, but showed her the revolver to intimidate her into eloping with him.

While he held the weapon menacingly before her,

### DEVIL'S COMPACT

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

## MASKED CROOKS

WITH PISTOLS HOLD UP

## TROLLEY MEN

Wild Western Ways Practiced in Rhode Island.

PUT DYNAMITE IN THE SAFE

They Got \$400, But Failed to Connect On a Big Roll of \$1,500.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most daring hold-up, savoring in many respects of the West, occurred shortly after midnight the other morning at the barn of the Fall River and Newport electric road at Portsmouth, R. I., about eight miles from Fall River, Mass. Five men suddenly came upon four conductors of the company and the new night watchmen while the former were making up their accounts for the night, and, covering them with revolvers, commanded "Hands up!"

Hands went up immediately, but one of the conductors named Farren made a move as if to give trouble and received a blow between the eyes that sent him to the floor insensible. His forehead was badly cut and he lay like a dead man for some time. The conductors were lined up against the wall and their hands were pinioned behind their backs except those of Sullivan. One of the robbers took a monkey wrench and smashed the transmitter of the telephone and then emptied the batteries, so that the instrument was useless.

The robbers took all the money the conductors had, while one of them began to bore a hole in the combination of the safe and another stood guard over the bound men. The other three broke into the strong box which is used to hold the packages of money, and took all the cash that could be found.

The bound men saw with horror the robbers put dynamite into the hole in the big safe, and begged to be taken out of the room. After a consultation this request was granted. The men's legs were tied with leather straps and they were carried to the car sheds and placed in an empty car under the seats, with a man to guard them.

Three times the fuse failed to explode the dynamite to a sufficient force to blow open the safe. When the dynamite failed to open it the robbers tried to batter away the combination, but to no avail. After staying an hour the robbers went away.

Sullivan was the first to untie himself and he at once released the others. The village was alarmed and Superintendent Fillmore communicated with the telephone was patched up in sufficient shape to permit the transmission of a message to the police of Newport and Fall River and the neighboring towns. Power was turned on over the entire system, and a car was sent to the city and one to Newport to get police, who went aboard heavily armed.

It was some time before the officials of the road could determine the amount that had been stolen, but Division Manager Robert S. Goff said that about \$400 would cover the loss in money. The safe had all the Saturday receipts, which

were large, and all the Sunday morning and afternoon collections of the conductors. The safe held probably \$1,500.

The next day the detectives found that two boats had been stolen from Corey's Lane boat houses, and it is suspected that this is the way in which the robbers came.

The tools with which the robbers expected to open the safe were stolen from Hamby's blacksmith shop, a short distance from the car barn. The police of the three States have been notified. It is believed that the perpetrators of the robbery are the same men who have been working Rhode Island post offices.

### "ALF" HOLT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Holt who is a great mimic and a comedian of talent, is a performer of national and European reputation, having played representative houses in many countries. Last season he was the feature of the "At Gay Coney Island" Company. Mr. Holt can get backing to substantiate his claim that he is the finest bird whistler in the world and he is ready at any time to compete with any performer for any amount.

### EDWARD H. TRUMBauer.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edward H. Trumbauer is one of Allentown, Pa.'s, most popular bartenders and is known to every professional man in Eastern Pennsylvania. He is manager of George's Palace, the headquarters for sporting and horsemen of the Lehigh Valley. He is an active member of the Keystone Athletic Association, of that city, and is one of its most enthusiastic promoters. As an entertainer there are few in the State of his equal and his services are constantly in demand.

### FOUR FAMOUS FIGHTERS

Heenan, Fier, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan, and their many great fights. An interesting account of these old-timers. All in one book. Illustrated. Price, only 25 cents. All newsdealers. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



# "BEN" JORDAN, FEATHERWEIGHT LIFE AND BATTLES OF THE FAMOUS FIGHTER, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

An Epitome of the Gallant Little Pugilist's Career in the Ring--His Victories and Defeats.

HIS GREAT BATTLE WITH DIXON FOR PREMIER HONORS.

Beat "Fred" Johnson for the British Title--Badly Punished by "Tommy" White, but Won Out--His Fight With "Eddie" Curry.

(SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.)

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.

149 Fleet St., London, E. C., England.

"Ben" Jordan, like "Pedlar" Palmer, was born in the very thick of London's smoke—in the parish of Bermondsey, famous for its tanners and its fighting men, not the least notorious of whom was Wat Tyler, one of the earliest leaders of the English people. Jordan's name is distinctly Jewish, but so far as can be traced there is not a drop of the blood of Israel in his veins. In their earlier days Jordan's parents lived in the country, and no doubt it is to that fact that "Ben" owes his splendid constitution and great muscular development.

About ten years ago it dawned upon Jordan that he had some natural ability as a fighter. He immediately proceeded to put it to the test. His first fight was at very high game, for he took on the redoubtable "Dave" Wallace, and was beaten by him on points in eight rounds. Jordan was not at all satisfied with the decision in this instance, so he strenuously sought, and ultimately obtained, another opportunity. This time he made no mistake for he beat Wallace to a standstill in six rounds.

For a time the new star had his hands full. Such as George Murray, "Al" Buckingham, "Tiny" Bishop, "Bert" Smith, "Snowball" G. Reynolds, F. Curley, "Bill" Connelley, Harry Munro, "Sid" Phillips, "Jack" Grey, "Jim" Whelan, "Al" Johnson, "Tom" Cooper, George Wood and "Ted" Barber were "easy game" for him. Jordan won all these engagements with the utmost promptness, and naturally the sporting public began to look upon him as a possible champion. Up to this point, however, Jordan had not been very highly tried, and it was therefore with some trepidation that his friends put him against "Charley" Meacock, a lad who, at that time, was very nearly at the top of his class. Here Jordan scored handsomely, for he had his man in a helpless state at the end of the tenth round.

Jordan's next fight opened his eyes a bit. If he entertained a notion that the path to the championship was clear and level a lad named "Joe" Portley quickly dispelled his preconception. Portley stood up to Jordan for nineteen rounds of the fiercest fighting ever seen in London. "Ben's" splendid condition told in the long run. But for that he would, in all probability, have been beaten, for Portley was a natural fighter of great strength and alertness. This lad unfortunately had many weaknesses, the principal of which was a fondness for strong drink. He quickly degenerated into a street bully and it is many years since he made his last appearance in the ring.

About the year 1896 Fred Johnson, whom many of our readers know as an old and unsuccessful opponent of George Dixon, was still considered about the best of his class in England. Jordan immediately challenged him, and the result was a match, which was decided at the National Sporting Club, London, in 1897. By this time Jordan had obtained the financial support and friendship of Mr. James Laws, the then proprietor of the "Brockley Jack," a famous old hostelry on the south eastern borders of the English metropolis. The "Brockley Jack," which has since been pulled down and rebuilt upon a gorgeous plan, was the resort of highwaymen and roadhaws nearly three hundred years ago. Its name will live for a long time in the pages of fiction, just as its demolition snapped another link with the romantic and stirring days of Dick Turpin and Claude Du Val. From the outset Mr. Laws had unbounded faith in Jordan. For the match with Johnson he offered to raise the stakes to \$2,000 a side, but the other party was quite content to lose a much more modest sum.

The critics predicted that Johnson would prove far too clever for Jordan, for the former, at his best, was, without doubt, a consummate artist. Once again was the judgment of the wisecracks at fault. Advancing age had taken a great deal of the speed and power out of Johnson, and although he stood off his man for thirteen rounds, nature, at that point, surrendered to the other's terrific body blows.

Naturally the result created something like a sensation, and Jordan's backer issued a challenge to the world, which, but for an accident, might not have elicited a response for years. Towards the end of 1897 the members of the National Sporting Club developed a sudden taste for international contests. To meet the popular demand matches were arranged between "Dave" Wallace and "Tommy" White, and "Spike" Sullivan and "Jimmy" Curran. It is now a matter of historical knowledge how Wallace, owing to a sudden and painful illness, had to declare forfeit. Jordan was asked to fill the vacancy, and it says much for his keen desire to do business that he accepted the offer without demur. The honor ought undoubtedly to have been his in the first place. Although White was quite a different class of customer to those Jordan had previously met, his backer was in no way dissuaded. He not only put down a substantial stake, but he made bets that enabled him to win a lot of money. This was not a diffi-

cult task, as White had a large number of confident friends among the spectators.

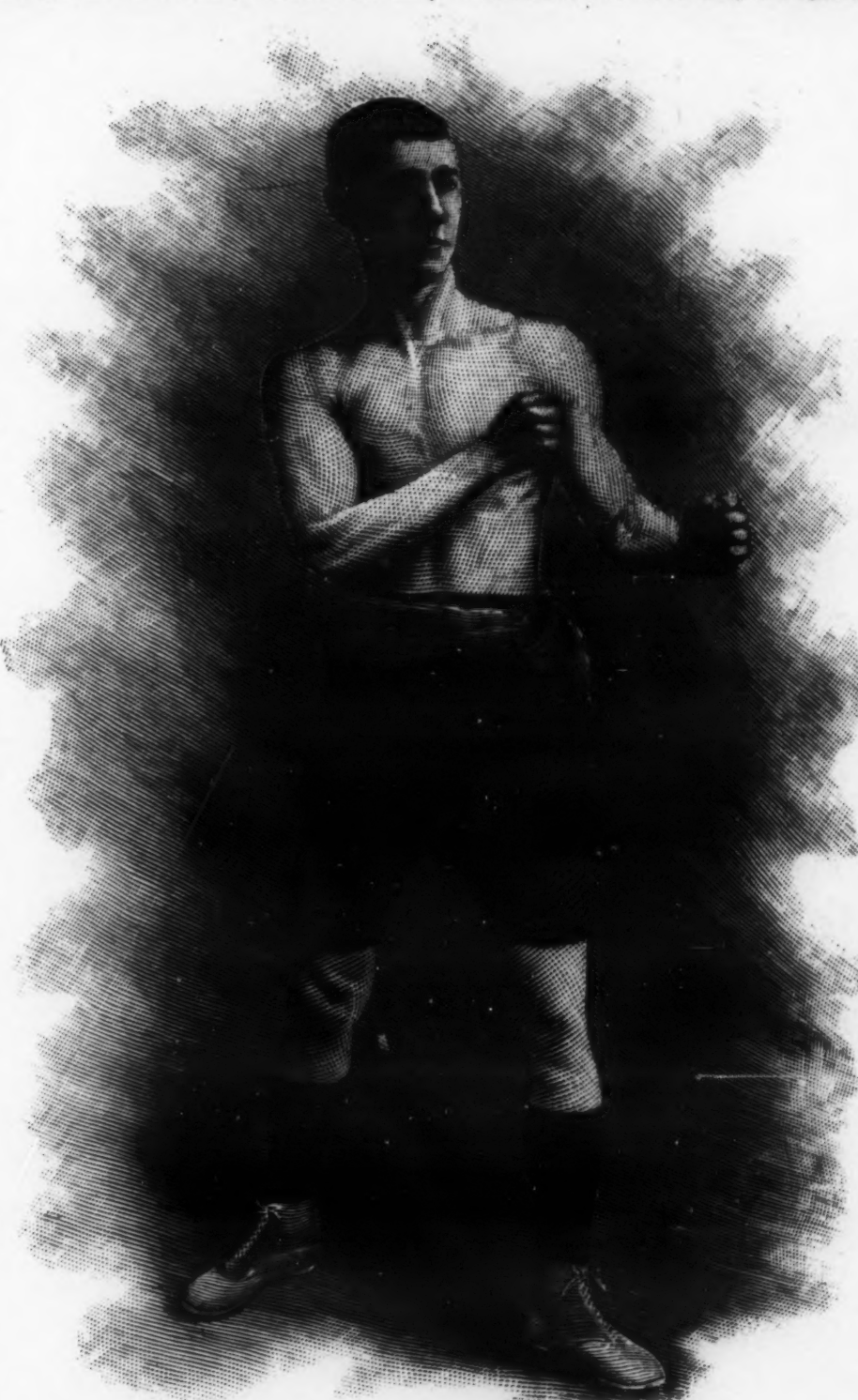
Jordan is not a boastful youth, neither is he stingy in his praise of any man he may happen to admire. Even now he admits that "Tommy" White is the best man he ever met. Jordan further declares that had

clear that Curry asked Jordan to "let up" in the tenth round. Whether he did or whether he didn't the fact remains that Jordan suddenly became slow and careless. He came very near paying a high price for his leniency, for Curry crossed him viciously with the right in the fourteenth round. The blow, although hard, only had the effect of rousing the demon in Jordan. He hammered Curry most unmercifully during the next three rounds, and Mr. Angle was well-advised when he stepped to the ringside and announced that he had "seen enough."

The fight with Dixon I need not touch upon, unless it be to say that the result did not surprise anyone in England. Indeed, no boxer, "Pedlar" Palmer included, has ever carried so much public confidence in Britain as Jordan has. At the principal betting clubs odds of five and six to four were laid on Jordan, and one wealthy American, who happened to be in England at the time, dropped a thousand dollars on the result. It is said that Dixon craves another match. Jordan is perfectly willing to oblige him so long as the terms are suitable.

Harry Greenfield, who stood up to "Spike" Sullivan for fifteen rounds, could only last eleven with Jordan when they met at the National Sporting Club not so long ago. Greenfield claims the 126-pound championship of England, but consented to meet Jordan at 124 pounds, the British featherweight limit. The youth from Bermondsey completely astonished even his most intimate friends by the cleverness of his display on this occasion. Greenfield is a most scientific boxer, but although he was in his very best form he never landed one really effective blow. Jordan stepped inside his leads and thumped him on the body with the force of a trip-hammer. He paid particular attention to the kidneys, and knocked all the sustaining power out of Greenfield's legs by the eleventh round.

Jordan has won his honors fairly and squarely by



Ben Jordan, English Featherweight Champion.

he not been wonderfully well and strong he might not have won, for White's great reach and his manner of tucking up his vulnerable body parts made him most difficult to get at. White must have been astonished at the apparent non-effectiveness of his hard left jabs on the face. Jordan took them all as a matter of course, so long as he could get to the body; once in a while. For strength and power, one of his blows was as good as six of White's. The American was a game but beaten man when he stood up for the nineteenth round, and little "Jimmy" Barry acted with splendid judgment and discretion when he threw up the sponge for him in the first minute.

Jordan's next battle was with "Eddie" Curry. This took place at the National Sporting Club in the spring of last year. I do not exaggerate when I say that Curry was allowed to go seventeen rounds on sufferance. Those who were nearer the ring than I was de-

clared that Curry asked Jordan to "let up" in the tenth round. Whether he did or whether he didn't the fact remains that Jordan suddenly became slow and careless. He came very near paying a high price for his leniency, for Curry crossed him viciously with the right in the fourteenth round. The blow, although hard, only had the effect of rousing the demon in Jordan. He hammered Curry most unmercifully during the next three rounds, and Mr. Angle was well-advised when he stepped to the ringside and announced that he had "seen enough."

hard fighting and a close study of the noble art of self-defence. To begin with, nature has blessed him with a constitution of iron and muscles of steel. He is perfectly shaped, both for strength and stamina, and it is a fact that he has never been fully extended.

But Jordan's strongest point is his defence. It is superb and almost invulnerable. In his fight with Greenfield he showed the perfection of skill in avoiding and stopping. So keen was his judgment of distance that he was able to clear his opponent's blows by a mere inch or so. The majority of boxers would have jumped back a yard. Greenfield was quite unable to get over or under his guard, which was as stiff as a spear shaft.

Besides being a fighter Jordan is a man of business. He has already saved quite a small fortune out of his winnings. At the present moment he is the proud proprietor of a considerable quantity of what you term "real estate." Jordan is also an expert billiard player. Quite recently he played a match for \$500 a side and won. Rumor hath it that when his fighting days are over he will marry the pretty daughter of his backer. So may it be.

## CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Defi to  
the "Police Gazette."

FIGHTER WHO BARS NOBODY.

"Kid" Kelly, of Philadelphia, would like to meet any 115 to 118-pound man in the business, bar none, at any of the New York or Brooklyn clubs. Address Frank M. Mack in care of POLICE GAZETTE.

HAS A RECORD IN THE SOUTH.

SHREVEPORT, La., July 25, '99.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Our club will put up a purse of \$500 to fight for, in or near this city, with W. S. Douglass. He has a good record in the South, but as yet has never been East. Douglass will fight any man in the world at 126 pounds. Yours truly, E. PHILLIPS, JR.

MARTIN IS A PROFESSIONAL.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR—Two weeks ago I had my challenge in your valuable paper to fight for the amateur championship, but no one seemed to accept it. So seeing the challenge of "Denver Ed" Martin I accept it and will fight in two weeks' notice.

Yours, "MIKE" CONNORS.

NOT MUCH OF A "STUNT" TO DO.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 30, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I will undertake to walk from Chicago to Buffalo or Niagara Falls, N. Y., in eighteen days for the largest purse offered. I am ready to start at any time and am confident I can cover the distance in eighteen days, and I will walk thirty miles each day.

Hoping you will print this in your paper and that I will be offered a good purse soon, I am very truly, JOSEPH LAMB, 405 West Fourteenth Street.

AN AMBITIOUS COLORED FIGHTER.

NEW YORK, July 31, '99.

DEAR SIR—I wish to issue through the POLICE GAZETTE a challenge to box any featherweight in this country, bar George Dixon, at 116 pounds. I have backing to fight any colored boxer at 116 to 118 pounds, bar Dixon. I have boxed most every good featherweight in this country including Oscar Gardner at Kansas City, "Johnny" Lavack at Cleveland, "Johnny" Richie at Chicago, "Tommy" Dixon at Buffalo and Harry Forbes twice at Chicago. I would like to get a chance for the colored featherweight championship of America at 118 pounds.

Yours truly, "JOHNNY" WHITTAKER, 107 W. Twenty-seventh Street.

Send in your challenges for this column. Everything goes.

"AL" WEINIG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Al" Weinig is the ex-bicycle rider who has lately turned his attention to pugilism. He has fought three professional fights, winning them all. His latest exploit was knocking out "Jim" Daly, of Buffalo, in two rounds. (Daly was formerly the sparring partner of "Jim" Corbett and "Jim" Jeffries, and is looked upon as a good man. Weinig is open to fight anybody at the middleweight limit.

ARTHUR E. SEYMOUR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur E. Seymour is the originator of a system to "beat" faro, reference to which was made in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mr. Seymour is an actor by profession. He recently visited the gold fields in the Klondyke, but has returned to his home in Boston. He is looking for a capitalist to back his system of playing faro-bank to win.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. John H. Newman is the proprietor of the Greater New York Hotel, at 171 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y. His establishment is a resort for sporting men of New York and Brooklyn, and it is conducted in a first-class manner.

J. B. ALLEN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. B. Allen is the head barkeeper at the Seaview House, Apalachicola, Fla. He has a reputation as a mixer of fancy drinks that makes him a popular favorite with the guests of the place.

SAMUEL KAHN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Samuel Kahn, owner of the Occidental Hotel, Broome street and the Bowery, New York city, is after the \$100 medal. He has sent in some very fine recipes for new drinks which will be published shortly.

KILLED AS THEY KISSED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Just as a young lover of St. Cloud, Minn., clasped his sweetheart in his arms to kiss her good night a bolt of lightning struck them and instantly killed both. When the shock came the man's lips were pressed to those of his affianced wife.

The pathetic feature of the tragedy is that they were to have been married the next day.

FIGHTERS--PAST AND PRESENT  
Their records up in date in POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL, for 1899. A valuable guide to sporting events. A handy reference book. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office.

THE POLICE GAZETTE IS CONCEDED TO BE THE KING OF ALL SPORTING WEEKLIES





CHOKED A PRETTY CLERK.

A STRANGE MAN WITH A MANIA CREATES A SENSATION IN A PROVIDENCE, R. I., DEPARTMENT STORE.



BURNING BRAND SAVES PASSENGERS.

COURAGEOUS AND QUICK-WITTED WOMAN'S HEROISM SAVES A CHICAGO AND ALTON TRAIN AT PONTIAC, ILL.





KILLED AS THEY KISSED GOOD-NIGHT.

BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES DEAD A YOUNG COUPLE OF ST. CLOUD, MINN., THE DAY BEFORE THEY WERE TO HAVE BEEN MADE MAN AND WIFE.



## INQUIRY DEPARTMENT IS OPEN

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AVAILABLE

## TO POLICE GAZETTE READERS

We Supply Information About Sports, Pugilism, Cards, Army and Navy Statistics, Also Answers on General Topics.

SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING.

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager--We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

S. H., Jr., Winchester, Ky.—It has no intrinsic value.  
J. J. R., Kansas City.—See answer to E. G., St. Louis.  
B. W., Cincinnati, O.—Yes, it will be used in turn, within a few weeks.  
J. W. B., Sisseton, S. D.—Your query was answered in Police Gazette 1164.  
M. M., Los Angeles, Cal.—Send photo. We make no charge for publishing same.  
J. C. T., Chicago, Ill.—Where was Tom Sharkey born?.... At Dundalk, Ireland.  
W. C. S., Carroll, Ia.—What nationality is "Bob" Fitzsimmons' parents?.....English.  
H. S., Colfax, Ia.—Who has made the most money in the prize ring?.....George Dixon.  
W. S., New Orleans.—We already have a correspondent and representative in your city.  
R. L. H., Salina, Kan.—Try it on somebody else. Our business is that of publishing a paper.  
F. M., Saginaw, Mich.—Who is the lightweight champion pugilist of the world?.....Frank Erne.  
G. M. K., Jacksonville, Fla.—When and where did Corbett fight McFadyen?.....They never fought in the ring.  
H. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—Who is the greatest fighter the world ever knew in the prize ring?.....George Dixon.  
J. G., Albion, Porto Rico.—What was the decision of the referee in the Hennessy and Sayers fight?.....A draw.  
A. S., Hennis, Mass.—Where was Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the Shamrock, born?.....Belfast, Ireland, we believe.  
L. J. W., Spokane, Wash.—Write to Superintendent of the Zoological Department, Central Park, New York City.  
READER.—Have "Ed" Dunkhurst and Frank Childs ever met in the ring?.....They met once. Childs was in eight rounds.  
P. O., Paradox, Col.—Who strikes the hardest blow, Kilrain or Sullivan?.....Sullivan was considered to be a harder puncher than Kilrain.  
A. J. S., Chicago.—Of what descent are President McKinley, Admiral Dewey and Champion "Jim" Jeffries?.....1. Scotch. 2. English. 3. Irish.  
G. A., Calbarren, Cuba.—If A holds a royal flush in diamonds and B holds the same in clubs, in poker, which wins?.....Neither. Pot is divided.  
T. McG., Creston, Ia.—How many members does it take to organize a bartenders' union?.....Write to the K. of L. for book of rules and information.  
M. T. M. O., New York.—Where can Charles W. Miller, the six-day bicycle champion, be found?.....At Manhattan Beach, N. Y., bicycle track.  
O. H. McK., Wairoa, Napier, New Zealand.—You can get the Hilmint in three sizes: 25c. 50c. and \$1 in almost any drug store in the United States.  
D. J. R., Newville, Ind.—When and where did John L. Sullivan fight "Paddy" Ryan for the belt and championship?.....Feb. 7, 1892; Mississippi City, Miss.  
J. H. W., Paterson, N. J.—If you have a good job at present exhibit a little common sense and keep it. The business of a fighter at its best is a "solde" one.  
—Brooklyn.—H. M. bats that a coroner elected by the people does not have to be a doctor to be a coroner?.....H. M. wins. A coroner does not have to be a physician.  
Jack, Reading.—Which was the best dressed pugilist, "Charley" Mitchell, "Jim" Hall or "Mike" Leonard?.....Leonard had the questionable distinction of dressing like a dude.  
A. E. P., Newport, R. I.—Where is Frank James, brother to Jesse James?.....We don't answer questions by mail. He lives in St. Louis and is doorknocker in one of the theatres there.  
J. H. W., Des Moines, Ia.—Did Jeffries knock "Bo" Armstrong out in the third round? If not, how long did the fight last?.....No. Ten rounds, and a decision was given with both men on their feet.  
F. H. R., San Francisco.—What date, if the fight took place, did "Mike" Cleary and "Jack" Burke, the Irish Lids, have their bout in San Francisco?.....None of the record books contains memo of that event.  
L. C. D., Pensacola, Fla.—We cannot give gratuitous advertising.  
E. F. S., Snuggler, Cal.—What is the value of a one-cent copper coin United States money dated 1738?.....Write to some dealer in coins in San Francisco.  
G. B., Richmond, Ind.—I notice in the POLICE GAZETTE that you say that neither Sullivan, Fitzsimmons nor Corbett were champions of the world. I would like to know the reason why they were not champions of the world?.....Why were they?  
—Reading.—During business hours, in a barroom, can a bartender refuse to sell a drink to the President of the United States, who is perfectly sober. Say, for instance, he wants a drink of sarsaparilla?.....He can, but if he does he deserves to lose his job.  
D. S., Duluth, Minn.—A says when a horse is quoted a favorite at 10 to 1, the public has to put up \$10 to win \$1; B says the public has to put up \$1 to win \$10. Which wins?.....B is right. When the odds are at 10 to 1 the bookmaker bets \$10 to \$1 that the horse will not win.  
F. H., Saratoga, Wyo.—The decision of the referee is paramount to everything else. He may have believed that something or other was intended or realized that B could not win, so was perfectly justified in preventing the latter's backers from losing without having a chance to win.  
W. M. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—In a game of draw poker, L. breaks a Jack-pot; no one stays; L. throws down two Jacks and throws his other two cards face down; J. says that L. should show the whole hand face upward. Who is right?.....He wins the pot on a pair of Jacks, that's enough to show.  
READER, Newark, N. J.—A bets that John L. Sullivan met "Tug" Wilson in a four-round bout before he ever met "Charley" Mitchell in a contest; B bets Sullivan sparred with Mitchell first and Wilson afterwards. Who wins?....."Tug" Wilson, July 17, 1892. Mitchell, May 14, 1893.  
—Sioux City, S. D.—A bets B that J. F. Jeffries hit Fitzsimmons more times than "Bob" hit Jeffries in their late contest. Who wins?.....There was no count made of the number of blows delivered, but as Jeffries was the aggressor throughout the fight he probably struck the greater number of blows.  
W. H. B., Hudson, N. Y.—What was the nationality of P. S. Gilmore? If a man is born in America of Irish parents, is he not an Irish-American?.....1. Gilmore was of Irish parentage. 2. If born of any parents in the United States he is an American. An

Irish-American is the title given to one Irish born who becomes a citizen of the United States.  
H. H., Brunswick, Ga.—Two clubs are playing a game of baseball; J bets that the Fernandina club will beat the Brunswick club; H takes the bet; no stipulations are made in regards to a tie; the game ended a tie, darkness preventing the continuance of game; who wins the bet?.....H wins on a technicality, but it would be



ARTHUR E. SEYMOUR.

Has Invented a System Which Threatens the Prosperity of Faro Banks.

unsportsmanlike for him to take it. J doubtless did not thoroughly understand that it was a catch bet and H is taking advantage of it.  
—Schenectady, Herkimer, N. Y.—A and B make a bet on the chances of filling a poker hand; A bets there are more chances to fill a flush than there are to fill a straight;.....To a one-ended straight the draw is worth 1 in 11 1/4. To a two-ended straight it is 1 in 5 1/4. The mathematical expectations of a flush when you draw to four cards of a suit is 1 to 5 1/4. There are therefore more chances to fill a two-ended straight than there are to fill a one-ended straight, and more chances to fill the latter than a flush.  
J. D. H., Bedford, Ind.—What is meant by fighting at catch weights? If a fellow has his muscles worked down, what is the best way to gain flesh? What muscles do bag-punching and club swinging exercise? Which will give the most muscle, a 3-pound Indian club or a 5-pound one? What is the address of M. C. Murphy, athletic instructor of the University of Pennsylvania?.....1. Any weight. 2. Eat heartily. Sleep well. 3. Arms and back. 4. Three-pound is sufficient. 5. Philadelphia, Pa.  
D. H., North East Carry, Me.—Did "Mike" McCool die in Charity Hospital in New Orleans? Is Charley Gallagher, who defeated and was defeated by "Tom" Allen, dead? What is the reason men could fight according to London rules a much longer time than they can nowadays with padded gloves? It seems to me a man can inflict more punishment with the raw ones than with gloves.....1. In New Orleans. 2. Yes. 3. The efficacy of the knockout blow was not known at that time. Other questions are answered in the books we have sent you.  
—Reading Louisville, Ky.—Tell me where a person who has composed a song could have it put to music? What ones are the most popular in that line of business? Does a fellow who composes the words of a song have to have money to make anything out of it? Is there any money in songs if they are of any account?.....1. There are any number of composers who could set your words to music. 2. Con-ult any music list. 3. Yes, enough to pay pub-

## A CHIC NOVEL

"A FATAL SIN." Now ready. One of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Elegantly illustrated. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

lishers fees. 4. Yes, some songs that have become popular have netted their owners many thousands of dollars.

E. G., St. Louis.—Are there any rules for the game of horse shoes (not quoits). The point in dispute is: One player throws a ring and his opponent throws a lesser on top of it. What is the count?.....If a horse shoe is not joined together at the end and it had been conceded, during any part of the game, that two points, or more commonly called a ringer, was the result of a shoe centering the hub, then it would count two points or a ringer for the shoe in that position. If edge shoe should enclose the hub and if an opponent's shoe lean on the top of the hub, the one with a ringer would be the proper claimant for two points. While the game of horseshoes has no direct set of rules, yet it has heretofore always been acknowledged that rules governing quoits controlled the horse-shoe game.

## "PATSY" SWEENEY WON ON A FOUL.

Howard Wilson, His Opponent, Used His Knee Wickedly in the Fight.

"Patsy" Sweeney, of Manchester, N. H., the Irish lightweight, who has been cutting a wide swath in the local fistic world of late through his association with "Spike" Sullivan, defeated Howard Wilson, a colored boxer from Washington, D. C., at the Greenwood Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, on July 29. They were to have fought for twenty rounds at catch weights, but Sweeney won in the eighth round on a foul. After the bout "Spike" Sullivan, Sweeney's manager, issued a challenge for his man to box Tim Kearns.

Sweeney had behind him the entire Sullivan family, "Spike" "Dave" and "Johnny," and J. J. Buckley. Wilson's handlers were only "Billy" Macarney and John Henry Johnson. Wilson was substituted for "Jimmy" Murray of Cincinnati. The announcer said that the club had forwarded \$19 to Murray for transportation from Louisville.

Sweeney and Wilson fought straight Marquis of Queensberry rules. Wilson surprised every one by jabbing Sweeney repeatedly with the left on the nose in the first round. The blows struck "Patsy" plump and shoved him back half way across the stage. Sweeney got in terrific body blows, but Wilson, who was strong, stood it well. Sweeney did all the rushing in the second round, but Wilson clinched quickly and got out of range of Sweeney's

## JOE GANS EASILY

BUT REFEREE SAID A DRAW

## DEFEATED M'FADDEN

Colored Man Fought A Clever, Scientific Battle.

## MAC RALLIED AT THE END.

Splendid Contest in Which Both Men Displayed Merit and Efficiency.

"Joe" Gans defeated George McFadden at the Broadway Athletic Club on July 28, but in the opinion of "Johnny" White, the referee, he was only entitled to a draw, and this decision he rendered at the expiration of the twenty-five rounds, much to the surprise of the majority of the spectators and the gratification of those who had wagered their money on the chances of McFadden winning the fight. White is usually clear-headed, cool, reliable and not easily influenced by any spasmodic effort that a beaten man may make in the final rounds. He has always evinced a disposition to take the collective merits of both fighters into consideration and give each one credit for his work in the earlier stages of the fight, as well as at the end. He discriminates judiciously, and above all things, is honest in his opinions, but in depriving Gans of a well-earned victory he displayed deficiency in judgment which cannot be accounted for. Throughout the whole fight Gans showed marked superiority over the New Yorker. He fought a cool, steady battle and came with such speed in the closing rounds that even McFadden's most sanguine admirers hardly dared hope for even a draw. In the early part of the affair Gans fought carefully and with excellent judgment, but he made a great rally in the tenth round, and from then to the finish he maintained his advantage easily enough to have walked away with the winner's end.

Extreme caution was observed by both fighters in the opening rounds, and although a number of hard and clean blows were landed, neither appeared willing to take the least chance. Both took turns in forcing what pace there was, and in spite of the fact that it was not very fast the crowd was treated to a great exhibition of defensive work by both.

The first fast fighting occurred in the fourth, when McFadden showed a desire to cut out the work. He used his left prettily, reaching the face several times, but Gans squared accounts before the end by driving the New Yorker to the ropes with a hard left to the wind. The battle was fast and even until the ninth round, when Gans sent his adherents wild with delight by gaining a decided advantage. The colored man began the proceedings by ripping two uppercuts to the face, and before McFadden could steady himself he received two more smashes on the head. McFadden quickly recovered and tried a right swing for the jaw. The blow missed its mark, but the New Yorker brought it home in the shape of a backhand punch. Gans mildly protested, and then worked to annihilate his opponent. He put a solid right to the head and followed it with a left to the jaw, putting McFadden down. Gans assisted him to his feet and renewed his attack, punching his man almost to a standstill with left jabs. McFadden's strength stood him well and he managed to hold on to the bell.

The fierce work found the men tamed down in the tenth, and they were both willing to loaf in the early part. Toward the end of the round the Baltimorean, who appeared the fresher, did some fast fighting, and McFadden was staggering at the close. The men were extremely cautious in the eleventh, but nearly all that was done was in Gans' favor.

Things began to look extremely bad for McFadden at this time; the silent demeanor of his admirers indicated that he had done nothing to merit any sort of demonstration. Gans' colored constituents were busy circulating about the boxes, betting even money when they could and giving odds when the necessity required it. "Any way," they said, "as long as the bet goes."

In the twelfth round McFadden made a desperate effort to start a rally, but he awkwardly threw himself to all corners of the ring. Gans went at him carefully and with a hard left started the New Yorker's left eye closing.

The unlucky session went without anything eventful. McFadden was aggressive and made many attempts to land, but the elusive colored lad had no trouble avoiding his wild swings.

Gans appeared much stronger when he took the scratch for the fourteenth. For two light right-handers landed by McFadden on the head and body Gans responded with several left jabs and two left hooks that sent the New Yorker reeling against the ropes. It was evident in the fifteenth round that the colored man was fighting to win on points. He took no chances though several were offered and appeared content to keep his opponent away with provoking jabs. McFadden's admirers were surprised at his style as he had not been seen at such a disadvantage in any of his recent battles.

In the sixteenth round McFadden's handlers sent him out to make a rally and test his opponent's reserve quality. He began to cut the pace and McFadden gave his friends a chance to yell when he reached the body in rapid succession with left and right swings. Gans' contribution was a left jolt full on the nose, and a left swing, followed by a right swing to the neck. At the close of the seventeenth round, the opening of which was marked by hugging, both men stood in the center of the ring after the gong had sounded, and swung left and right to the jaw.

It was rather dull until the twentieth, when McFadden used his left quickly on the face. He put four left hooks on his opponent, but he took a hard jolt on the chin in return. McFadden came faster in the next, and his friends saw visions of a repetition of the former battle when McFadden scored a knockout. Their hopes lasted only a minute, however, as Gans cut loose and fought like a whirlwind to the close.

After that came the beginning of the wind-up, and the twenty-third was a lively one from "end to end." Gans trying to land a knockout to make his victory unquestionable and decisive, but though he landed left and right repeatedly on the jaw the New Yorker refused to go down. It was a bad round for McFadden and Gans' victory seemed clinched. There was desperate fighting all through the twenty-fourth. McFadden worked desperately, but all his leads were blocked, and Gans further accentuated his superiority by sending Mac to the floor with a left swing. The last round was as hard as any, but Gans maintained his lead. The decision was a draw.

Only one bout was scheduled to precede the star event, but it ended so quickly that the management put on another pair. The principals in the first set-to were "Charley" Miner and Herman Miller. The men were to have gone ten rounds, but Miner ended it in the second round, after some fierce fighting, by putting his opponent down and out with a right swing full on the jaw.

"Sam" Bolan, the colored boxer, and "Kiki" Broad then went on to do a six-round turn at catchweights. They put up a fair exhibition and the referee decided it a draw.

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NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT, F. A. McFARLAND, A CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDER



## MITCHELL IS TRAINING

AS HE WILL SOON MEET JEFFRIES

## FOR A HARD FIGHT

Threatened Trouble Over the McGovern-Palmer Match, Latter Having Signed Articles with "Billy" Brady in London.

## RIVAL PUGILISTIC FACTIONS ENGAGED IN A FIERCE FEUD.

Those "Fake" Jeffries-Fitzsimmons Pictures Again--John L. Sullivan's New Cafe--Young Griffo's Hallucination.

Jeffries has arrived in England, and local pugilistic circles are excited over the prospect of an interesting engagement when he and Mitchell meet. I use the word "engagement" advisedly, for Jeffries assured me before he went away that it would not be a fight between him and Mitchell, and I am at a loss for a term to characterize ten 2-minute rounds with gloves for a decision between an admittedly great pugilist and one of the cleverest exponents of the boxing art the world has ever known.

Whether it is to be a fight, contest or engagement, it is a significant fact that Mitchell is doing a great deal more in the way of preparation than is absolutely necessary for an exhibition. My correspondent in London writes me that Mitchell has been taking care of himself all the summer, but the physical change that has been wrought in his appearance during the last two weeks is an earnest that he really means business with the champion. Every day, at health-giving Brighton, he has a long walk, and he also spends considerable time in the gymnasium in sparring, ball punching, etc. Prof. "Jimmy" Kelly is at hand to help and advise. The Englishman, thanks to the grueling work he is doing, is rapidly getting into shape. A visitor at Brighton says that "Charley" retains much of his old cleverness, and is still very quick and agile for a man of his years and weight. "Charley" is confident that he will render a good account of himself, even with such a formidable antagonist as Jeffries is bound to be. No place is yet assigned for the meeting. Mr. Brady has an eye on several halls, but has not yet made a final selection.

There seems to be a decided misunderstanding about the locale of the McGovern-Palmer championship fight. I said last week that the Westchester Club had articles of agreement signed by Palmer's accredited representative. I was then under a misapprehension that "Billy" Brady had not succeeded in getting Palmer's signature to articles to fight at Coney Island, but it now transpires that he has then, and the following is a copy sent me from England:

First--That "Pedlar" Palmer and "Terry" McGovern agree to box twenty-five rounds, strictly according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, before the Coney Island Athletic Club, of New York, U. S. A., on or about December 4th, 1899.

Second--The Coney Island Athletic Club agree to pay twenty-five hundred (2,500) pounds for the battle. Said purse to be deposited in the hands of Mr. "Al" Smith, Gilsey House, New York, U. S. A., six weeks in advance of date of contest.

Third--On the depositing of the purse by the club the two principals agree to deposit five hundred pounds (£500) each as a guarantee of good faith. Said five hundred pounds (£500) to be divided between the club and the principal who acts in good faith. Said forfeit to be deposited with "Al" Smith, stakeholder.

Fourth--The club agrees that twenty-five hundred dollars (2,500 dol.) shall be divided between the two men in case it fails to bring off the contest.

Fifth--The men agree to box with five ounce gloves, each man to furnish his own, which are to be satisfactory to each principal, and to be deposited by them in the hands of the referee twenty-four hours in advance of the contest. In case of objection by either principal the referee is empowered to provide said five ounce gloves.

Sixth--The men agree to weigh in at 116 pounds (8 stone 4 pound) at the Coney Island Athletic Club, U. S. A., at 3 P. M. on the day of the contest.

Seventh--The referee shall be agreeable to both principals, but if they fail to agree, then the club shall name that official. The referee shall be named at least twenty-four hours before the contest.

Eighth--The purse shall be divided--75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser.

Since the signatures were attached a slight alteration has been made. McGovern finds he cannot get down to 116 pounds, so the backers of the lads have agreed to the weight being 118 pounds. It is further stipulated that if either man fails to come to weight he shall forfeit £500 deposit money.

"Sam" Harris, who represents McGovern, told me the other day that he had not signed any articles with Brady, and if Palmer failed to keep his contract he would claim forfeit. Brady, however, seems to have a good case, and I expect some lively doings before a settlement of the difficulty is reached.

Barring the fact that no disposition has yet been shown by the belligerent parties to populate the local graveyards, the McCoy-Hatfield and Philpot-Baker feuds in the South are mere incidents beside the now pending difficulty between the "Terry" McGovern and "Spike" Sullivan factions. Already three impromptu meetings have taken place in which the adherents of the two leaders have participated in pitched battles with more or less damage in the way of black eyes, bloody noses and torn clothing.

The "feud," which has for some time past been boiling up to an issue, reached a climax on Friday night last, at the Broadway Athletic Club, when "Dave" Sullivan, in the course of an argument with "Sam" Harris, McGovern's backer, made a remark which reflected severely upon the legitimacy of Harris' origin. Harris retaliated with a punch which "Dave" neatly ducked, but in doing so he ran his nose against a right-

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"TOM" PERRY.

Proprietor of the Central House, Troy, N. Y., a Famous Sporting Resort.

hand smash which "Terry" himself was in the act of handing around. "Dave's" friends and the McGovernites, who numbered about a dozen, were, in a minute, mixed up on the ground in a regular Kilkenny racket, which required urgent and decisive measures being taken by the club people to end.

A few nights afterwards, Harris and "his Spikelets" met on the board-walk at Coney Island, and hostilities were resumed. "Spike" proceeded to chastise Harris, but "Terry" came to the rescue again, and a well-directed blow on the jaw toppled "Spike" over, and then the McGovern bunch proceeded to make a physical wreck of him. When they got through "Spike" was a distressing object to the eye. He had been booted and punched until his face was hardly recognizable, his clothes were torn almost to tatters and--well, he looked the part.

These impromptu "scraps" should be discouraged, and professional fighters who are so well able to value their peculiar talents, should appreciate the utter folly of indulging in street brawls in preference to engaging in a regular ring event which would net them thousands of dollars, at the same time affording an opportunity to accomplish the desired result in a quasi-legitimate manner.

On the eve of an important fight with "Pedlar" Palmer McGovern did an extremely hazardous thing in risking a permanent injury by mixing up in a rough and tumble battle. To be disabled at this time would cost him the chance of a lifetime to acquire a world's championship title. The people who are behind him

## CLUB ROOM PICTURES

FREE--Elegant half-tone productions. Sharkey, Maher, McGovern, Jackson, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week--F. A. McFARLAND, bicyclist. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

should see to it that he does not take any more such chances. Sullivan and he can be matched at anytime and the former can get his revenge in the ring.

Apropos of my recent remarks about the "fake" photographs of the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries battle, now being exhibited through the country, the following item in a Chicago paper, written doubtless by somebody who was not present at the fight and who has never seen either of the principals, will prove entertaining:

"Pictures of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight were successfully reproduced by the cinematograph at the Dearborn Theatre yesterday. Considering the adverse circumstances under which they were secured, the pictures are excellent and give a realistic idea of the encounter. There is no time in the progress of the fight when both principals and all their movements cannot be clearly seen.

"The area of the picture is not large, which is an advantage in many respects. It brings the pugilists into better range and quickens the conception of what happened. A lecturer gives explanations of each round, supplying incidents that cannot be told in a picture.

"From the beginning of the tenth round to the close the contest gets sufficiently exciting. Referee George Siler appears to have about as much necessity for action as either of the principals. The final scenes in the ring, including the knockout, are fortunately clearer than any other part of the pictures. They are shown at the Dearborn continuously from 10 o'clock in the morning to 11 o'clock in the evening. Large crowds witnessed the first productions yesterday."

In view of the fact that Managers Brady and Julian have claimed that the effort to take pictures of the fight during its progress proved an utter failure, one cannot help marveling at the audacity of the people

live much longer. Drink, disease and dissipation have sapped away his vitality, and his once rugged, vigorous constitution has almost entirely wasted away. Although one of the worst rogues and pests that ever aroused the enmity of a disgusted community, he was withal a great pugilist--one of the greatest of his time, and in that capacity, and that alone, can be admired.

The officials of the Lenox Athletic Club, under whose auspices some of the greatest static battles on record have been decided, are getting ready to begin the fall season in a manner which augurs well for the static game in the metropolis. During the summer the building has been closed, but the work of renovating and refurnishing the interior will be begun at once, and everything be got in readiness for the opening in the latter part of this month. Two good matches have already been arranged between heavyweights. "Joe" Kennedy, of San Francisco, who is the latest newcomer in search of championship laurels, is matched to fight Peter Maher on Sept. 26. Kennedy is the man who recently gained a decision over "Gus" Rubin, and is reported to have been unable to get a match with either Sharkey or Jeffries, owing to their great dread of his pugilistic capabilities. I don't take much stock in that talk, however, but he must be a good second-rater to have vanquished Rubin in the manner described by such able critics as "Bill" Naughton, who was at the ringside. The fight between Maher and Kennedy will be a good starter in the championship series.

In a game of baseball the other day one of the players was struck by a ball and knocked speechless. In the opinion of the surgeons who have examined him he will never be able to speak again.

What perverse fate makes a baseball player dumb and spares the prize fighter.

The erudite and gifted gentleman who presides over the sporting department of the *Columbus (Neb.) Telegram*, is a little mixed up in his dates of important pugilistic events if he is correctly quoted in an article which recently appeared in the columns of that esteemed paper, as follows:

"Jeffries is going across the water to meet Charlie Mitchell in London some time in August. He seems extremely fortunate in getting old men up before him; Mitchell was whipping good men when Jeffries was yet in swaddling clothes. In 1873 Jeffries was seven years old. In this same year Mitchell fought seventy-six rounds with John L. Sullivan at Chantilly, France. We suppose that if Jeff should now beat the old man into a pulp he would add new laurels to his crown."

It is needless almost to say that I hastened to send him a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing a record of the event about which he is so egregiously in error, as well as other records which he's sure to find useful and accurate for reference purposes.

"Al" Weinig of Buffalo, a former bicycle rider, has been doing quite some fighting of late and begins to loom up as a middleweight possibility of no mean pretensions. His most recent exploit in the ring consisted of administering a knockout to "Jim" Daly, Jeffries' sparring partner. In Weinig's three fights he has been stacked against men whom he defeated with apparent ease. He won with scarcely a blow being landed on him. He has not been given the opportunity to show what he can stand of punishment. In "Broncho Bill" he was against brute strength. A man that depended on a single punch to win. Yet Weinig battered the strong man into quitting. He was against a fairly clever boxer and fairly hard hitter in "Lon" Beckwith and again he triumphed. His last battle was with a man that was undoubtedly clever and in fight he disposed of him.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

## THOMAS L. WASSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Park House, corner of State and Barrett streets, Schenectady, N. Y., has been under the control of the Wassons, father and sons, for thirty years. The father was known throughout the country as a sporting man of the first calibre. The sons, one of whom is Thomas L., are keeping up the reputation their father made.

The house is a resort for many pugilists of note and among those who have trained there are "Billy" Dacey, of Brooklyn; Frank (Young) Chase, of Schenectady; "Maxey" Haugh, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; "Tom" Brown, of Amsterdam; "Nelse" Manning, of Schenectady; "Billy" Walmesley, of Passaic, N. J.; Peter Doran, of New York city; "Vern" Ellis, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Arthur Shaver, of Schenectady; "Billy" Moore, of Syracuse, and a number of others of minor note which are too numerous to mention. Among the frequenters who have stopped and frequented the place at different times are the following: "Larry" Burns, Geo. Siddons, "Jimmy" Dine, "Jimmy" Gorman, "Al" Johnson, "Sammy" Kelly, "Steve" O'Donnell, "Jack" Cusick, "Jack" Mohan, "Young" Mitchell, "Mattie" Shannon, "Kid" Kerwin, "Mike" McManus, "Ballor Boy," "Gus" Herrette, "Billy" Steffers, when alive, and a number of others.

Mr. Wasson's brother owns Schenectady Paddy, the famous bulldog, who has won many battles.

## MATTHEWS WON FROM CONNOLLY

At Coney Island, on July 31, "Matty" Matthews defeated "Eddie" Connolly in a twenty-round encounter.

"Joe" Butler, of Philadelphia, is out with a challenge to fight McCoy, Kenney or Rubin or any other man in the country. "Joe" states that the ambition of his life would be to fight McCoy under Queensberry rules.

"Tommy" Ryan is indignant that "Kid" McCoy should ignore him in making matches. Ryan says that he is still ready to tackle McCoy, and all that the latter has to do to clinch matters is to post a forfeit, which Ryan says he will cover at once.

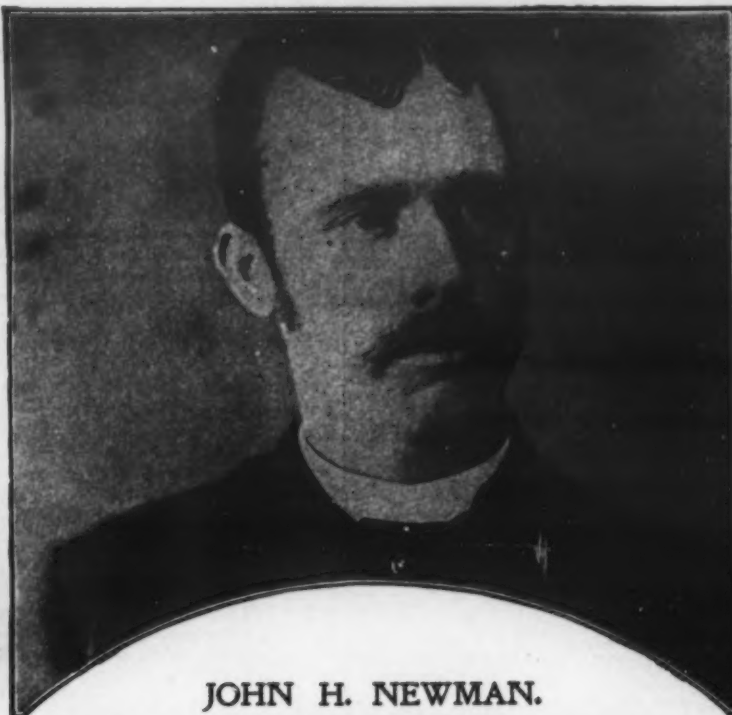
## COOL SUMMER DRINKS

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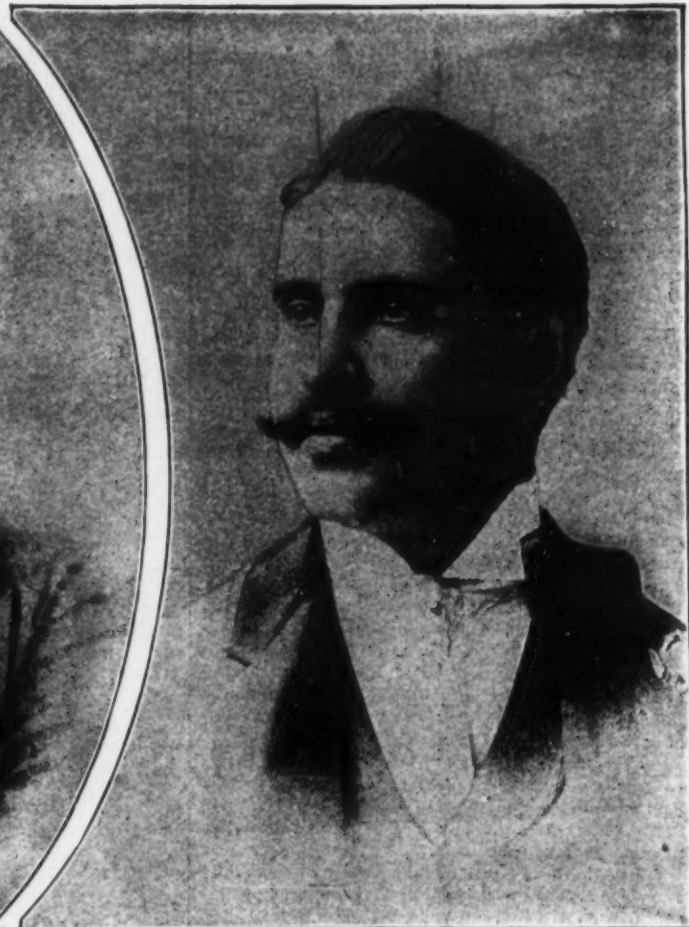
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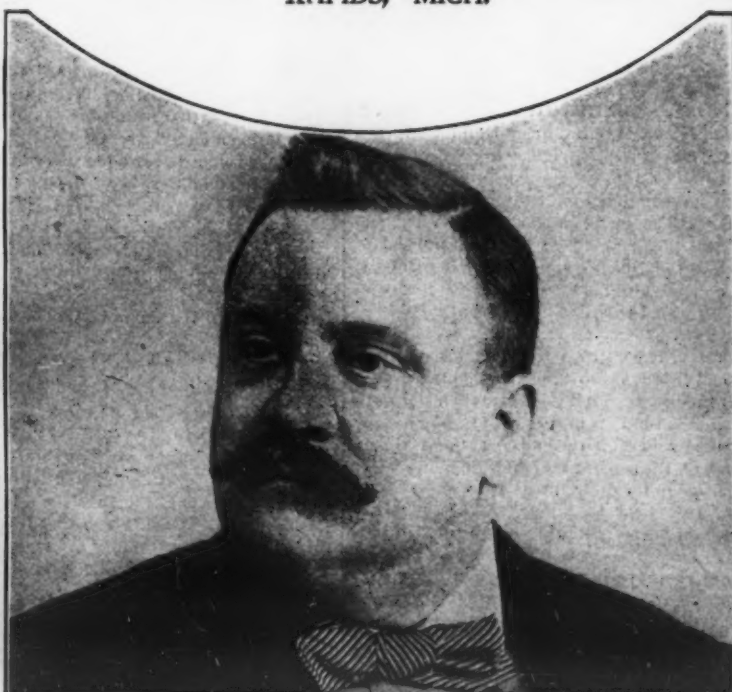
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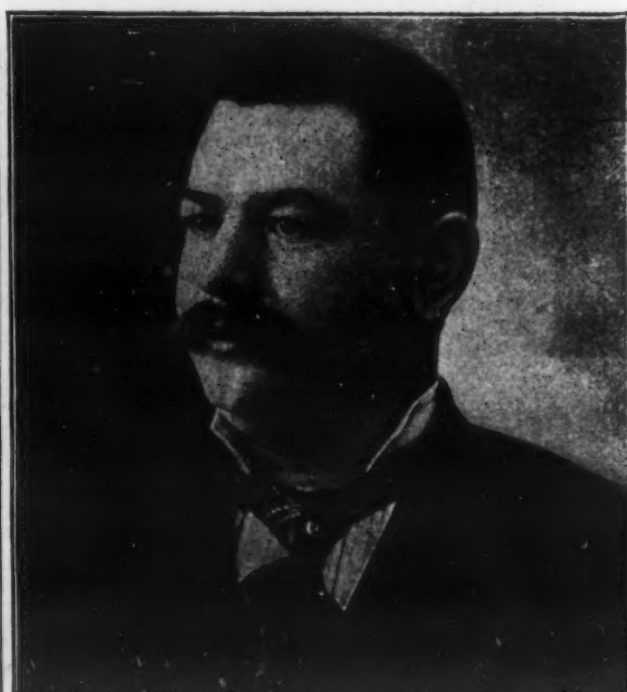
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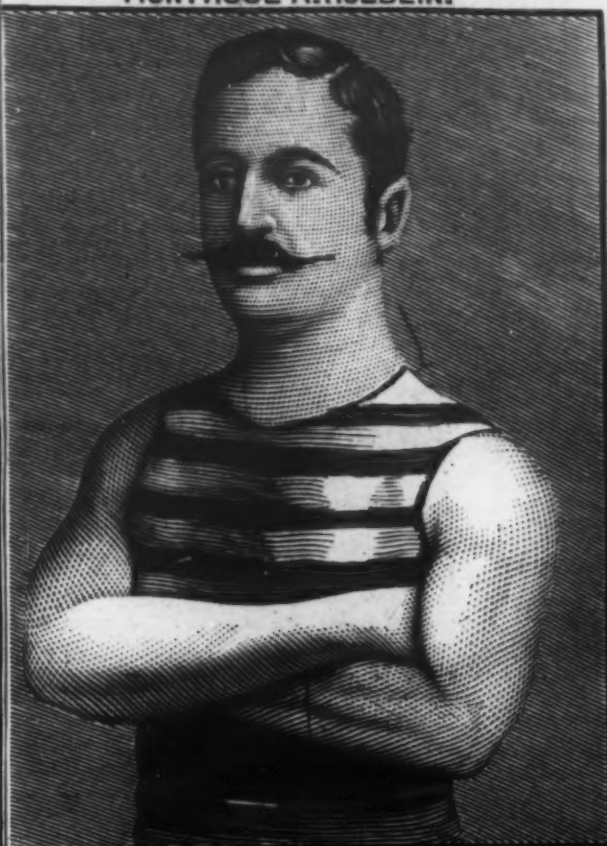
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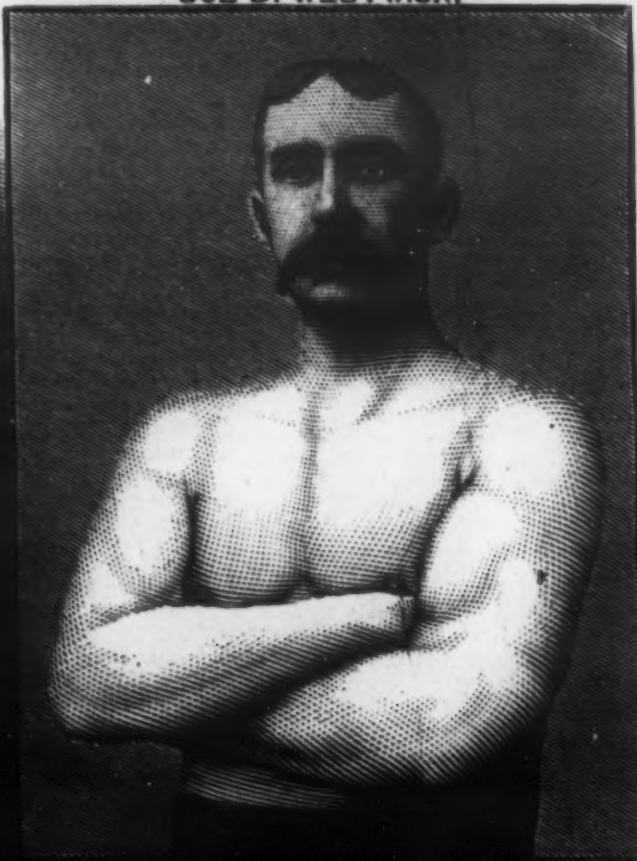
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ONE OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE PARK  
HOUSE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.



MONTAGUE A. HOLBEIN.

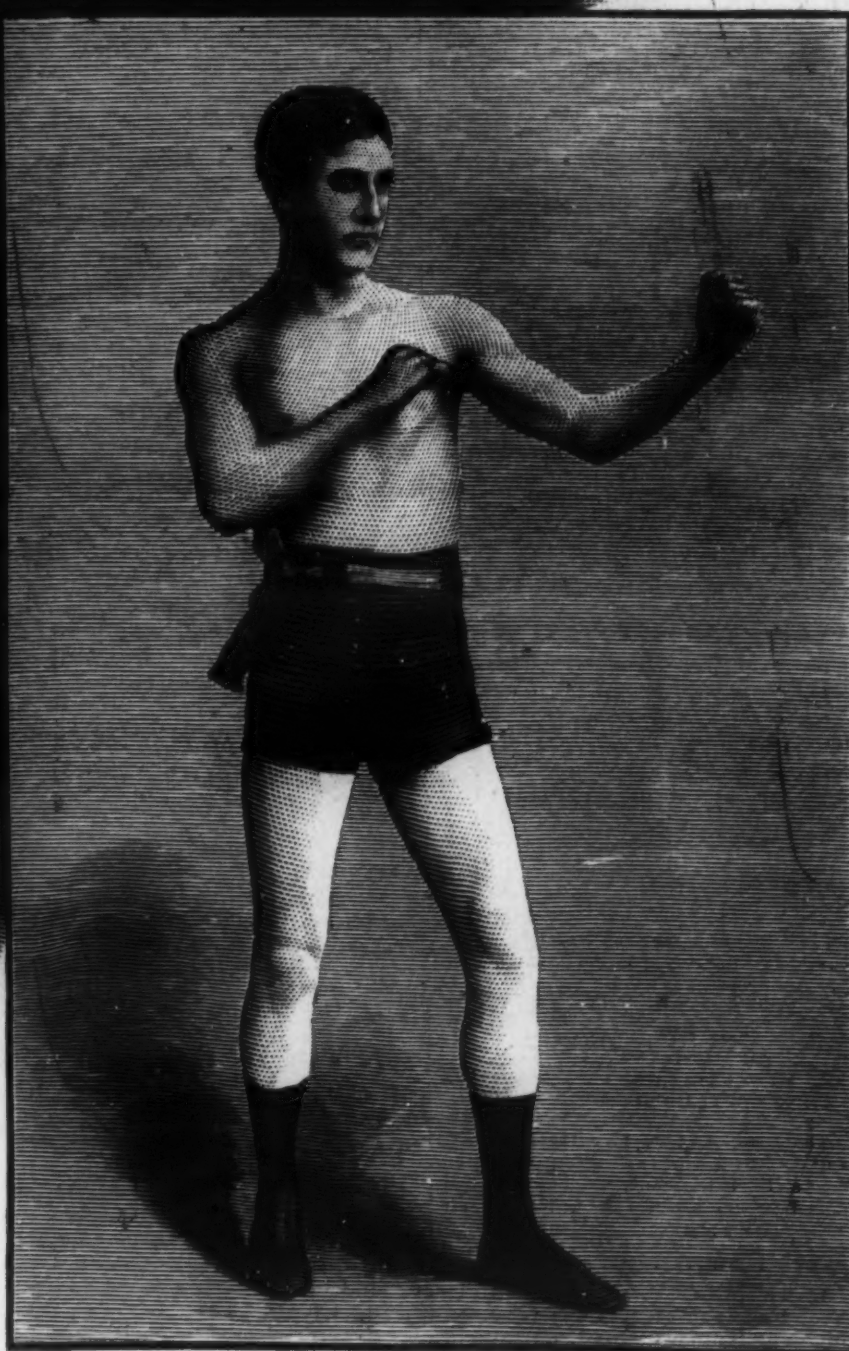
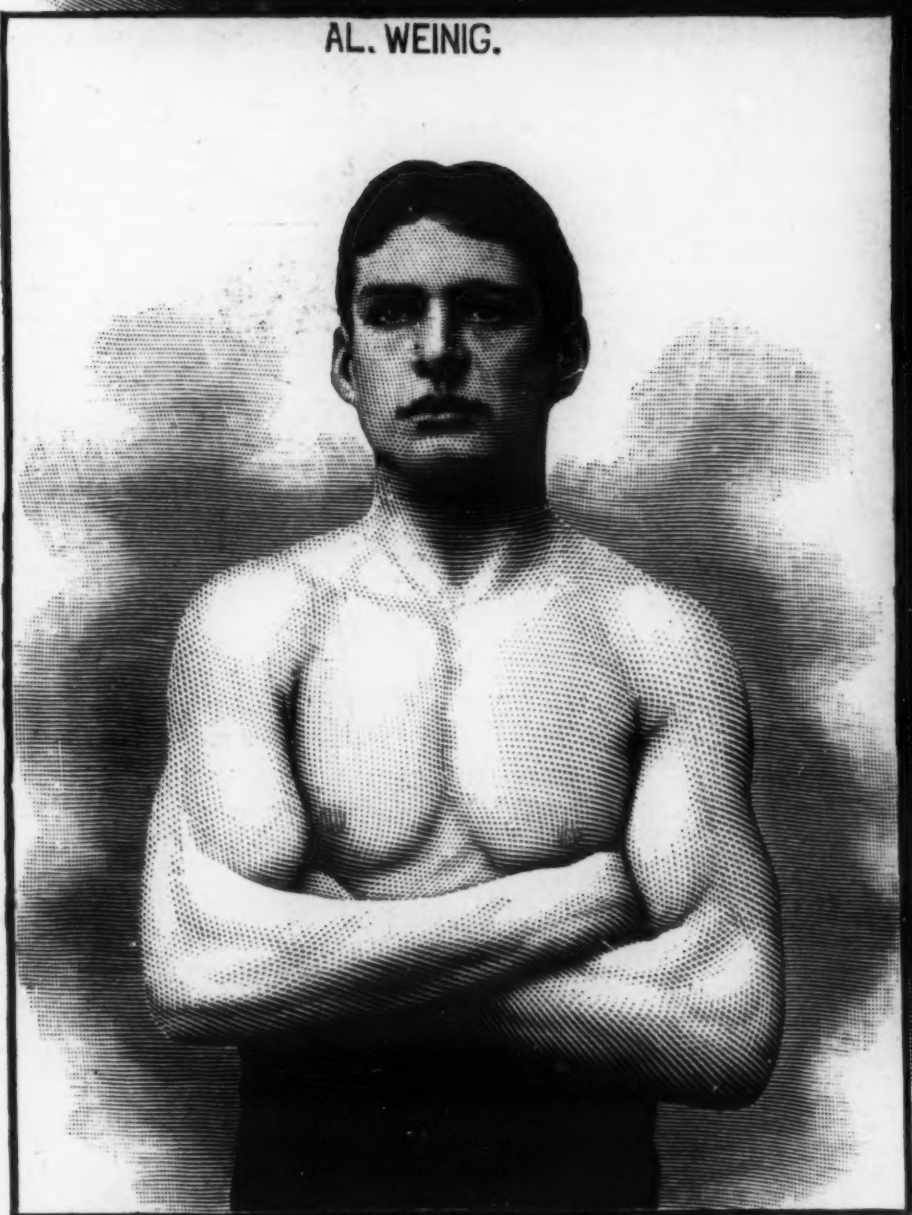


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AL. WEINIG.



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PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

WELL-KNOWN ATHLETES, BOXERS AND BICYCLE RIDERS WHO HAVE RECENTLY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN PUBLIC.



## WELL-KNOWN BARTENDERS

Charles Peters, a Bright Young Man of  
Nazareth, Pa.



One of the brightest bartenders in the business is Charles Peters, of the Johnson House, Nazareth, Pa. He is in the exciting contest for the "Police Gazette" \$100 gold medal with a new drink which he calls the "Snowflake Punch." He is well liked by the customers of the house.

### CONDITIONS WHICH GOVERN THE CONTEST.

The bartender who sends to the POLICE GAZETTE office between now and October 1 the best recipe for an original mixed drink will receive the magnificent POLICE GAZETTE trophy, valued at \$100. The competition will be judged by three well-known New York experts, whose names will be announced later.

Send in your recipes now, and a few will be printed every week, with your names and address attached. Get an advertisement for nothing. Proprietors of saloons are also invited to compete.

Send in your portraits for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. They will be returned after they have been published.

In the meantime send in all the personal paragraphs about yourselves or your business you like.

### GOSSIP OF THE MIXERS.

Charles Gelpy, bartender at the Bank saloon, corner Conitt and Royal streets, Mobile, Ala., has a record for mixing drinks.

J. V. Mays, bartender, of Coulterville, Cal., writes a little letter that is worth reading. It is published below.

P. Burkhart, the wine steward of The Inn, a popular hotel at Port Tampa, Fla., is one of the most competent men in the business.

"Denny" Connors, head bar boy at the Palm, Sacramento, Cal., has returned from his two weeks' outing at Tuscan Springs much improved in health but thinner in pocket. He will work for the next three months to make up for his sojourn at Tuscan.

"Eddie" Johnson, manager of The Corner Saloon, Sacramento, Cal., who has been suffering with his eyes for the past few months, went to the French Hospital in Frisco to be operated upon. Chas. Hayden, late of The Tourist, is working "Eddie's" watch.

### SCORE ONE FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE GUIDE."

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I am tending bar at Coulterville, Cal., in a first-class saloon. I learned all about the business by studying your "Bartender's Guide." Last week the old town was wiped out by fire and we lost everything. I lost my "Guide," and I want another right away, for which I enclose the money. Very truly yours, J. V. MAYS.

### HERE ARE NEW DRINKS.

Read Them Over and Then Try Them—They Are Good.

The great interest in the contest for the bartenders medal continues unabated and saloonkeepers as well as bartenders are beginning to realize that this column of the POLICE GAZETTE is a fine guide for the latest and best drinks on the market.

#### DEWEY FIZZ.

(By "Chris" Bethman, The Colony, Sea Cliff, L. I.)  
Lemonade glass shaved ice; one teaspoon sugar; one-half lemon; one glass of Holland gin; four dashes of creme de menthe; shake well, strain, fill with seltzer.

#### ANDRE COCKTAIL.

(By J. W. A. Kuhn, with John Schmidt, Gretna, La.)  
Fill bar glass half full of fine ice; one spoon of powdered sugar; three dashes of Cocktail bitters; two dashes of Curacao; three drops of blackberry juice; two dashes of absinthe;

two drops of lemon; squeeze lemon peel on top; shake well and strain; take cocktail glass, rub lemon on edge and stick in the powdered sugar, to give a frosty appearance, then serve with a cherry.

#### JERSEY LILLY.

(By Suley Perry, Albemarle Hotel, Coney Island.)  
Use large glass; five dashes lemon juice; one spoonful sugar; one-half pony raspberry syrup; wine glass of gin; wine glass of milk; fill with fine ice; shake well; serve in large glass; fill with seltzer.

#### THE ELK'S COCKTAIL.

(By A. Z. Fuller, bartender for A. B. Aray, Cairo, Ill.)  
One dash Angostura bitters; one spoonful cream of syrup; one-half jigger Vermouth; one jigger pure rye whiskey; two dashes of Maraschino; stir well in glass previously filled with fine ice; strain in a large cocktail glass.

#### ROLLINS COBBLER.

(By Henry S. Denham, 384 Minnesota street, St. Paul, Minn.)  
Large glass; one-half tablespoonful sugar; one-half wine glass water; six to seven dashes Chartreuse, green; one-half wine glass sherry. Fill with ice; top with port wine; decorate with berries and fruits in season. Serve with a straw.

#### EGG COLLINS.

(By Frank L. Monette, Laroque House, Valleyfield, P. Q.)  
Fill large bar glass with chopped ice; two teaspoons bar sugar; juice of one lemon; white of an egg; wine glass Booth's Old Tom gin; one pony Maraschino; shake well and hard. Strain in John Collins glass and fill with soda; dress with fruit in season.

### HERE'S THE GREAT MEDAL.

This is a reproduction in miniature of the \$100 "Police Gazette" medal for which the bartenders are working. The original is seven inches long.



Some lucky man will be wearing it this fall, but no matter who gets it, the bartenders column will in the future be a regular feature of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Send in personal paragraphs about your friends for publication in this column.

### MORE MEDAL ASPIRANTS.

Names of New Drinks Invented by Thoughtful Bartenders.

Bartenders and saloonkeepers are requested to send in personal paragraphs about themselves, as well as of their friends in the business.

Harry Poekman, Sacramento, Cal.—Batter for "Tom and Jerry" and "Centennial Lemonade."

William Baxter, Golden Eagle saloon, Mobile, Ala.—"Tribby Fizz."

John N. Radetich, 902 Camp street, New Orleans, La.—"Jeffries' Punch." 2. "Dewey's Fizz, No. 2."

Frank P. Parlane, 297 Mott street, New York city—"Old Glory Cocktail."

Peter Putz, 110 Third avenue, New York city—"Sunshine."

"Fred" R. Dolphi, the Cascade, Montgomery, Ala.—"Cyrano de Bergerac Cocktail."

"Fred" F. Tompkins, Elwood, Ind.—"Fitz Hugh Lee."

P. M. Lynch, Marathon Hotel, Coney Island—"Marathon Cocktail."

### SLOT MACHINES.

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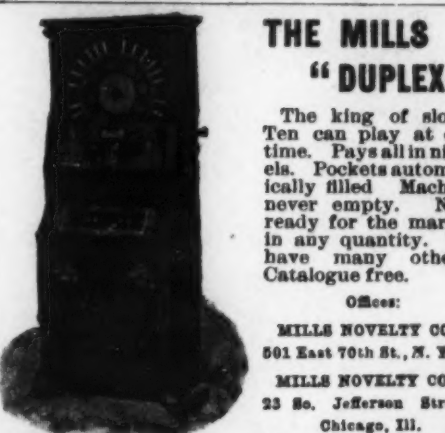
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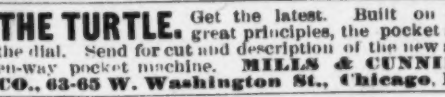
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Whites, unnatural dis-  
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### THIS FOR BARBERS.

Barbers are requested to send in personal paragraphs about themselves for publication in this column. Let your friends know where you are and what you are doing.

#### NOTICE.

When sending photographs to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication, write name and address plainly on the back so they can be returned.

### PULLED HER OFF THE WHEEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] There was a hot row on one of the fine roads of Mount Clemens, Mich., the other day, when a woman, who was so angry she could scarcely talk, pulled a good-looking young lady off her bicycle and gave her a severe thrashing. No one knew what caused the trouble.

#### H. KRASOROSKI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] H. Krasoroski is a waiter employed in G. L. Rabenstein's popular restaurant at 227 Ferry street, Newark, N. J. He has been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for the past seven years and he declares that it is good enough for any sporting man as it is the best in the world.

#### W. C. GINGRICH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] W. C. Gingrich, who owns a fine saloon at 405 South Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich., is one of the most popular men in town. He is an all-around sport and is noted for his fine mixed drinks. The POLICE GAZETTE can always be found on file at his place.

#### GEORGE M. GEISS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] George M. Geiss is the genial manager and bartender of the Hoffman House at Colorado City, Col. He is well known throughout the State and is by far the most popular bartender the town ever had.

#### E. M. GRUMBINE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] E. M. Grumbine, who is better known, perhaps, as "Sheidy," is the proprietor of the pool and billiard parlors at Hanover and Littlestown, Pa. Mr. Grumbine is said to be a good fellow. He had a personal notice in the POLICE GAZETTE recently which pleased him very much.

#### CHARLES J. GUMDEROTH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.] Charles J. Gumderoth is one of the brightest lads in Milwaukee, Wis. He sells about thirty POLICE GAZETTES every week, and he says there is a constantly increasing demand for the best sporting paper published. He lives at 328 Mitchell street.

### SUPPLEMENTS DRAW TRADE.

MAMMOTH, Pa., July 28, 1899. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$1 for thirteen weeks more for the POLICE GAZETTE. Can't do without it. I have all the supplements framed, and they surely help to draw custom. Everybody speaks of them. They are out of sight.

J. E. JOHNSTON, Barber.

### CHOKED A PRETTY CLERK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] There was a small sized panic for a few moments in a big department store at Providence, R. I., the other day, when a man about 30 years old deliberately walked up to a counter and caught one of the pretty



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clerks by the throat, declaring that he did not propose to allow any one to talk about his family. He was soon on the way to the police station accompanied by a night patrolman.

### BURNING BRAND SAVES LIVES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A woman's heroism prevented a disastrous wreck on the Chicago and Alton railroad the other morning. But for her courage and forethought the fast train which goes through Springfield at 12:20 o'clock in the morning would have dashed into a gully north of Pontiac, and the awful Chatsworth disaster might have been duplicated.

The woman lives near the Chicago and Alton track two miles north of Pontiac. Her husband was away from home and she was alone, when she awoke and saw a fire on the railway at a gully near her home.

Springing from her bed, and without waiting to change her nightgown for a dress, she ran out of the house and saw the wooden portions of the bridge were in flames.

She soon heard the distant rumble of the oncoming train. Picking up one of the blazing brands that had fallen from the burning bridge, the woman ran down the railroad track as if her life depended upon the speed she made.

The engineer brought his train to a stop, and Conductor Roberts hastened forward to ascertain the cause. The sudden slowing of the train aroused the passengers, and soon they learned the cause of it all and were plugging off the train to thank their deliverer, but she had hastened home to dream.

### MISCELLANEOUS.



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'98 Models \$9 to \$16.  
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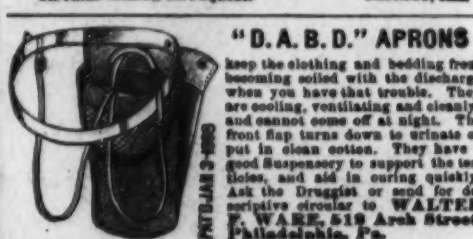
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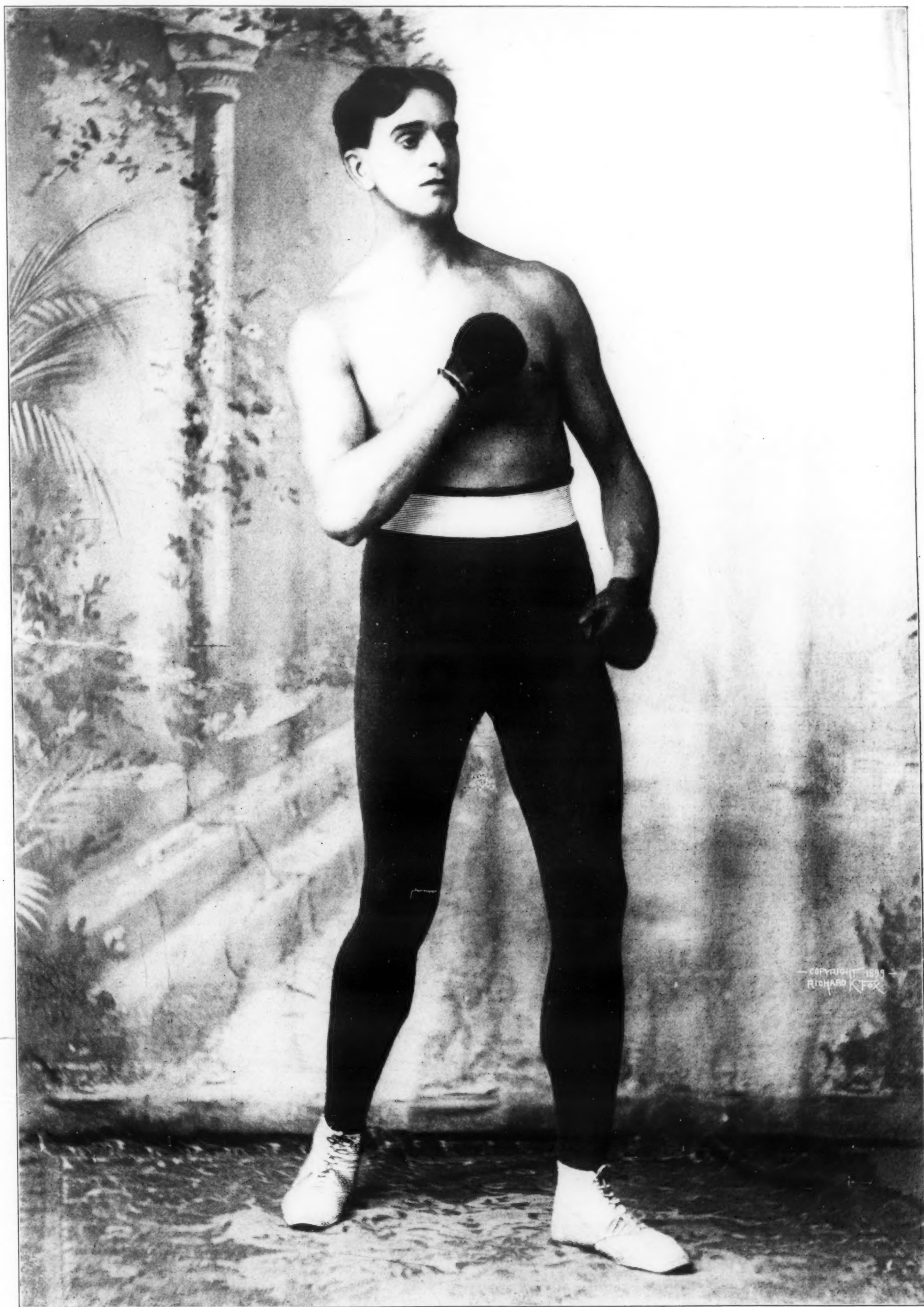




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